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The Nation

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Vol. CXXVII NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1928 No. 3308

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 561
EDITORIALS:
Mr. Coolidge Plays with Fire 564
An Ugly Sea Tragedy 565
Mr. Hoover's Trip 565
Those Terrible Britons 566
IT SEEMS TO HEYWOOD BROUN. By Heywood Broun 567
CHAIN STORES: THE REVOLUTION IN RETAILING. By Merryle Stanley Rukeyser 568
THE MASTER OF THE VESTRIS. By Felix Riesenberg 570
AMERICANS WE LIKE: HUNT OF ARIZONA. By Mary Austin 572
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 574
CORRESPONDENCE 574
BOOKS, PLAYS, THE DANCE:
Under the Sheen. By Hal Saunders White 576
This Week: A Private Letter to H. G. Wells. By Freda Kirchwey 576
Franz Schubert. By Blanche Bloch 577
The Wild Goose. By Dorothy Brewster 577
Fustian—Not Faustian. By William Seagle 578
A Black Epic. By Ernest Gruening 578
Books in Brief 579
The Dance: Doris Humphrey and Others. By Ruth Pickering 580
Drama: Amateur Night. By Joseph Wood Krutch 581
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
Ten Years of Austria's Republic. By Karl Renner 583
Austria—Enter Fascismo. By G. E. R. Gedye 584

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 34, Clifton Gardens, W. 9, London, England.

THE NATION is on file in most public and college libraries and is indexed in the *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.*

SENATOR BORAH'S ANNOUNCEMENT at the Good-Will Conference in New York that he will do nothing to block the passage of the bill for fifteen additional cruisers, but will vote for it if thereby the ratification of the Kellogg Pact can be expedited, is, we fear, characteristic. He knows that the navy bill is uncalled-for and indefensible; that it makes for war and not for peace. If he has read the newspapers, he has learned that in about every country in Europe we are called hypocrites because we offer the Kellogg Pact to renounce war and then go on building more cruisers. "And it is unescapable," Edwin L. James cables to the New York *Times*, "that the [European] critics refer to the Kellogg Pact with the question: 'If there is not going to be any more war, what will you do with your new warships?'" Why Senator Borah cannot see that the passing of the navy bill will mean that no one in Europe will take any stock in the Kellogg Pact is beyond us. But, just as his ardent support of Hoover after denouncing him as a man unfit to be trusted with the expenditure of $100,000,000 of government money is attributable to his desire to get the pact ratified, so now he is willing apparently to throw everything overboard in order to get something which will have no value if there are more speeches like that of Mr. Coolidge on Armistice Day and we engage in a naval-building race against England. It is a melancholy picture of compromise which he presents.

THE SIMPLE TRUTH is that every cruiser we build from now on is built against England. No one in Washington believes anything else, for there is no other navy to rival ours. Germany has none; neither has Russia nor China. Italy's is negligible, and no one is so silly as to assert that France's navy could possibly attack us. The Japanese "menace" has faded out of the prints ever since the Washington Conference limited Japan's strength to the ratio of three to our five. There remains only England. Against her we build and against her only. Why pretend anything else? The General Navy Board's plans are obviously based on war with England. How else could they possibly be justified? This is the simple fact. Now is the time for the English-Speaking Union, and every other organization that exists to bring about better understanding between England and the United States, to make itself felt.

SACCO AND VANZETTI are dead. But Tom Mooney lives, after twelve years in a California prison. The judge who tried him, the jury which convicted him, thousands of his fellow-citizens, all believe that neither he nor Warren Billings committed the crime for which they are now serving life sentences. That the two men still languish in jail is another instance of the vast abyss between justice and the law, the progress of the courts and reality. Now a national committee is being formed under the auspices and with the approval of Dr. Harry F. Ward, Professor John Dewey, Clarence Darrow, Professor Jerome Davis, Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, Sinclair Lewis, Norman Hapgood, Inez Haynes Irwin, and others. The plan is to set the facts about Mooney's and Billings's innocence—and they are facts, amply substantiated—before Governor C. C. Young of California and President-elect Hoover. Mr. Hoover has only to ask for Mooney's pardon, it is thought, to have his request granted; and if he examines the documents already prepared, he cannot fail to ask. Mooney has declared that he will not accept parole, on the ground that it would imply admission of guilt. He asks unconditional pardon for a crime not committed. This is the least, and indeed the only recompense the State of California can make to a man jailed unjustly for twelve long years. But it is not too much to ask, and one can only wish the new committee success in achieving it.

DULNESS AND UNIMPORTANCE have become the predominating characteristics of recent conventions of the American Federation of Labor, and this year's session at New Orleans has been no exception to the rule. The convention is made up largely of paid officials who pass resolutions year by year in favor of the organization of American industry and then forget them. Two years ago at Detroit a ringing resolution pledged the federation to the organization of automobile workers, but no real drive for organization took place and no industrial union was constructed to cement the quarreling craft unions of the metal industries. For several years the workers in Southern cotton mills, who work the longest hours and receive the lowest wages in American manufacturing, have been almost wholly neglected. The last year has witnessed the ruin of the bituminous section of the United Mine Workers—once the

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glorious vanguard of the American labor movement—the partial ruin of the unions in the ladies' garment and fur trades, and the evaporation of the remnant of organization which followed the Passaic strike. These disasters are largely due to the overwhelming power and ruthlessness of American employers, and to a much smaller degree to Communist dissension, but no honest friend of the labor movement can fail to place much of the blame on the inept and timid leadership of the American Federation of Labor. Never did our labor movement show more plainly the need of a rebirth of militancy and intelligence.

IT IS A NOTEWORTHY resolution that the American Newspaper Publishers' Association recently passed at its convention, condemning the action of the Supreme Court of Minnesota in enjoining the publication of the *Saturday Press*. It recalls that the *Saturday Press* was enjoined from publication after it had printed articles exposing vice and gambling in Minneapolis and alleging inactivity and connivance on the part of police and public officials. This injunction—as *The Nation* of August 22 recorded—was obtained by the Hennepin County Attorney, one of the persons who had been criticized by the newspaper, the official acting under authority of a law passed by the Minnesota Legislature in 1925 which provides that the courts may enjoin the future publication of any newspaper which they deem malicious or defamatory. Under this law, of course, the *Saturday Press* was denied a trial by jury; the judge alone heard the evidence and issued the injunction. Such procedure, says the A. N. P. A. resolution, "if permitted to stand, will render all guaranties of free speech valueless in Minnesota, and such choking of thought and expression can be extended further if not checked." The resolution further brands the law as a "deadly attack upon our institutions and government" and calls upon "all free and loyal Americans to demand the restoration of the right of free speech. . . . The ideals upon which our nation is founded are still vital and necessary, and if we are to retain what our forefathers have transmitted to us, freedom of speech and freedom of thought must be preserved." The Minnesota law is the first of its kind in the United States, and we shall watch with interest the outcome of the appeal taken to the United States Supreme Court by the American Civil Liberties Union.

THE RIGHT OF COLLEGE PROFESSORS to state their political preferences in public without concealing their official titles is involved in a bitter controversy at the University of California between President W. W. Campbell and several important faculty members. Shortly before the election, the Smith-for-President Club of Berkeley held a meeting in the Berkeley High School and sent a public telegram of good wishes to Governor Smith with the names and titles of forty-eight teachers from the University of California attached. The telegram did not purport in any way to represent university action, but President Campbell without asking these teachers for their version of the affair attacked them in a letter to the press because they allowed their university titles to be appended to their names. Eleven of these teachers in a public reply declared:

> It is impossible for a university professor or administrator to separate himself from his title. If that title is used in public, it is not fair to say that he is "capitalizing his connection with the university for the purpose of promulgating his views." . . . To demand that he take means to instruct newspaper reporters or secretaries or officers of meetings or clubs, political or otherwise, that his title must not be used requires the impossible and denies that freedom which Mr. Campbell declares that he recognizes.

We are glad that these eleven professors had the courage to attack President Campbell publicly and to defend their constitutional rights against a college president who has used his official position to support such reactionary measures as compulsory military training. We also congratulate the editors of the *Daily Californian*, the student paper of the university, who flatly condemned the action of their president in a leading editorial.

IS COMMUNISM BECOMING RESPECTABLE? The courts of the city of Los Angeles seem to think so. Some weeks ago seven Communists soliciting funds for the National Miners' Relief Committee were arrested in the Hollywood section, charged with soliciting alms without first filing a notice of intention. Their attorney pointed out that the ordinance under which the arrests were made applied only to "charitable corporations or associations," and that the Supreme Court of California had defined such associations as "organizations for the general public good." It had held that certain organizations similar to the Y. M. C. A. were too particular in their appeal to be counted as "charitable." The attorney for the Communists called the attention of the judge to this decision, but the judge found all seven guilty, obviously accepting the Workers' Party as an "organization for the general public good"—a long step for a California court to take.

IF THE WORLD ever reaches prohibition it will not be by a straight line. The issue must be fought over and experimented with for many years on scores of fronts. In a burst of zeal following the World War the Canadian Provinces generally established dry regimes, but one by one they have since returned, in part at least, to allegiance to John Barleycorn. Somewhat the same thing has happened in New Zealand. A quarter of a century ago New Zealand had an excellent local-option law under which the country was divided into districts, each empowered to establish its own liquor policy. Under this system New Zealand was gradually drying up. Not fast enough, however, for the ultra Drys, who demanded a uniform national policy. During the World War prohibition was accepted, only to be defeated soon after by the vote of the returned soldiers. In 1925 the Dominion again decreed prohibition as the result of a referendum, but another popular vote has just been taken in which a licensing system has been voted in by a majority of 100,000. What next?

ENCOURAGED BY A SWEEPING VICTORY in the municipal elections and the Ashton by-election, the British Labor Party is pressing its campaign for success at the next general election with renewed confidence. In the municipal elections the Labor candidates, who included 451 women, made a net gain of 111 seats in city councils outside of London and 77 seats in the metropolis, carrying 180 of the women to victory. In the 51 Parliamentary by-elections since the last general election Labor has made a net gain of eight seats and the Conservatives have lost ten. It is evident that the existing poverty and unemployment in Great Britain are providing the Labor Party with excellent ammunition for attack, and the party's leaders are not slow

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in realizing their advantage. In a recent broadside from the Labor Press Service is this challenging summary of economic conditions in September, 1928, as contrasted with the same month in 1927:

> Unemployment has increased by 2.2 per cent, coal production has decreased by an average of 200,000 tons weekly, iron production has decreased by 88,000 tons for the month, steel production has decreased by 58,000 tons for the month, exports have decreased by £5,200,000 for the month, shipping freights have decreased by 8 per cent, railway receipts have decreased by £140,000 a week!
>
> But stock exchange security values have increased by 4.4 points, having risen to 126.3, on the basis of a December, 1921, index figure of 100, and wages have decreased by £174,300 a week.

A Government which came into power on its promise to restore prosperity is gravely embarrassed by this type of attack. Incidentally in another part of the British Empire on November 17 Labor scored substantial gains in the form of a half-dozen seats in the Australian Parliament. The Australian elections, however, did not disturb the Nationalist majority and Premier Stanley Bruce returns to power.

THE MOST POPULAR MAN in Argentina, Hipolito Irigoyen, has been inaugurated again as President—after a six-year lapse. Twice, in spite of opposition from aristocratic circles, he has been swept into office on overwhelming majorities. Irigoyen, formerly a teacher of psychology and sociology in the University of La Plata, became a powerful political factor because he was the friend of labor. The crowd loves him, and turns into legend the background of his strange, reticent, more than austere, militantly simple personality. During his first term he made a practice of keeping one door of the presidential Pink House—which corresponds to our White House—always open to anybody with a cause or a grievance; and he himself preferred this door. The first time he entered the Pink House it was on the shoulders of voters, and he would have been carried there again had he not raced through the crowd to avoid a triumphal display. Throughout his life he has been a thorn in the side of the classes that have usually elected presidents who are social ornaments. Even now, he is the cause of a schism in the Argentine Congress. The Chamber of Deputies is with him enthusiastically, the Senate bitter against him. The first official act of his second term was to decree an eight-hour day for government employees; next he hopes to nationalize Argentinian oil lands.

THE DEATH OF LALA LAJPAT RAI in Lahore on November 17 comes at a singularly inopportune moment for the cause of the Indian Nationalists, if any moment may be conceived of as less opportune than another for the loss of so valuable a leader. He was the author of the resolution calling for the boycotting of the Simon Commission during its visit to India and took part in the demonstration against the delegation upon its arrival on October 30. His leadership will be especially missed, therefore, in the critical days immediately ahead, for he was practical as well as inspired, not merely dreaming of native rights but working for them with an abundance of common sense. Trained as a lawyer, Lajpat Rai was a leader of the Nationalist uprisings in the Punjab in 1907, for which he was imprisoned. Later he went abroad, living in New York City for some time during and after the World War and contributing to *The Nation* and other periodicals in behalf of home rule for India. Upon his return to India he resumed agitation, and in 1922 he was again imprisoned, this time with great injury to his health.

TEN SYMPHONIES, six hundred and three songs, endless chamber-music pieces—these are some of the achievements of Franz Schubert, who died, at thirty-one, a failure, quite unappreciated by his time. Today, his death one hundred years ago is being commemorated all over the world and we are especially happy to record the fact that the United States is taking the lead in the celebration. Not until 1843 was there a performance of one of Schubert's works in America—the A Minor Quartet, opus 29. Now his imperishable memory is being utilized to create a foundation in the United States which will make it possible for promising artists to be heard by audiences of genuine musical understanding. Heresy though it be, we still prefer the melodies of Schubert, Schumann, and other great men of the romantic school to any modernist we have yet to hear. We consider the world infinitely enriched by the author of the exquisite "Unfinished Symphony," "The Erlking," and "The Wanderer," and so we print this humble tribute to the great Austrian who, like Schumann, lived briefly but enriched the world enormously.

SIGRID UNDSET and Henri Bergson have just been awarded Nobel prizes for literature, that given to Bergson having been held over from last year. Few people will be inclined to quarrel violently with these awards, but few will feel that there was anything inevitable about the choices made. Mme Undset is not unknown in England or America but it is doubtful if any committee outside of Scandinavia would have thought of her as the most distinguished of the living writers who have not yet received the Nobel Prize. Bergson has been the recipient of many honors and he is probably less highly regarded at the present time than in the years when his championship of "intuition" created a popular sensation. Other awards went as follows: To Professors Heinrich Wieland and Adolph Windaus for chemistry; to Dr. Charles Nicoll for medicine. The peace prize has not yet been awarded.

THE LATEST ORGANIZATION to appeal to the joining instinct of the American public is the Book League, younger brother to the Book-of-the-Month Club and the Literary Guild and several lesser fry in the same family. The League offers certain novel privileges to those who become members. In addition to twelve new paper-bound books a year, it promises twelve cloth-bound reprints of important old books. The new books will be in magazine form, and following the text a literary magazine containing book reviews and notes will be included. If the prospective subscriber should look dubiously at the pale-brick paper covers of these volumes he will perhaps be solaced by the prospect of having the set bound together at the close of the year. At any rate the booksellers are likely to consider this method of distribution a less alarming form of competition than those offered by the older organizations. On the editorial board of the Book League are the following persons: Edwin Arlington Robinson, Van Wyck Brooks, Gamaliel Bradford, Hamilton Holt, and Edwin E. Slosson. Frank L. Polk is an advisory editor, and the managing editor is Isaac Don Levine. The League's first book, appearing this month, is "Zola" by Matthew Josephson.

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Mr. Coolidge Plays with Fire

NOT in years has any American President made so dangerous and so provocative a speech as did President Coolidge on Armistice Day. The very hour which, out of consideration for the dead in France, should surely have been devoted to the preaching of good-will among all nations, the President picked out to devote to an attack—upon the Germans? Not at all. Upon our Allies in the World War; those whom we so solemnly assured in war days were bound to us by indissoluble bonds cemented by our joint bloodshed in France. The White House has since inspired press statements that the President has been delighted by the floods of approving telegrams and letters which have reached him since he made his speech. Undoubtedly the Anglophobes, our militarists and jingoes of every description, have applauded the President. As a result the Washington correspondents assert that the immediate passage by the Senate of the bill for fifteen more cruisers is assured. That may be, but it is also a fact that an amazingly vigorous chorus of disapproval of the President's outburst went up the minute it was printed.

Among those who protested in New York were the Reverend Harry Emerson Fosdick, Henry Sloane Coffin, Rabbi Wise, Nicholas Murray Butler, who declared that the President's policy was "wicked," Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt and others in the Good-Will Conference for Peace which was taking place in New York just at that moment. The indignation of these speakers was doubtless heightened by the fact that the day after the President's speech appeared in the press the new program of the General Board of the Navy—largely founded, as Dr. Butler said, "on professional vanity"—appeared in the press. It is a repetition of its familiar demand for a navy second to none. Not, it is true, to be created overnight, but none the less as the definitive object of our naval policy. It is once more explained, as President Coolidge declared, that this is not the beginning of a great naval competition. That merely recalls to us the fact that on a certain occasion some twenty years ago the Kaiser of Germany similarly asserted that his naval program was based on needs and not on any attempt to rival Great Britain. "The German fleet," said he, "is not built against anyone, and therefore not against England, but according to our necessity." They are all alike, these militarists; they talk alike no matter what happens, and now as in 1908 they are pointing the way to future hostilities. Yet we are assured by a section of the daily press that President Coolidge merits all praise for telling the Allies that we shall tolerate no more nonsense from them.

To this we reply that that sort of spread-eagleism and saber-rattling is the devil's own work. It is sowing dragons' teeth which can yield only one crop. What has been the retort from Europe? The Italian press denied the truth of Mr. Coolidge's statement that we lost heavily by the war and unanimously declared that his words were the expression of an economic imperialism dangerous to the whole world. A London correspondent of the New York *Times* reports that British anger is rising; that the public resents the choice of Armistice Day as the occasion for justifying further American naval expenditure and for lecturing down to the Europeans from Mr. Coolidge's high attitude of holy moral superiority. Lord Birkenhead is, of course, among the first to say: "So far as England is concerned, I am not sure that we especially required it"—the "it" being the Presidential advice to European countries. The press of England teems with letters of protest. Half the papers of Germany write against the speech and its implications; the other half welcomes it because of the drubbing given to England and France. As for the French press, it dwells, naturally, on that lack of logic and consistency in the speech itself upon which we touched in our issue of last week. French dailies deny that the President has a right to indict a whole continent. They question his facts and contrast his speech with Mr. Kellogg's extraordinary statement that there are no reservations to the promise of the Powers to fight no more and that we shall assume no responsibility to enforce observance of the Pact of Paris. That the President's figures as to naval construction are wrong is contended by the London *Daily News*, the *Daily Telegraph*, and other newspapers. The *Daily Herald*, representing Labor, solemnly declares: "Despite all reassuring phrases, all the elements of an Anglo-American conflict are present."

Now we are well aware that there was a great deal of bluff in the President's speech. He unquestionably wished to make it clear to Europe once more that we shall not weaken in our determination to exact every cent of the money coming to us under the debt settlements, or demanded by us where there is no settlement as yet. We are aware also that the President thinks that by threatening to build the additional cruisers he can bring pressure to bear toward that further limitation of navies for which he again pleads in this mentally chaotic utterance of his. But this is the stupidest kind of diplomacy. It is a mere following of the example of Woodrow Wilson when in a speech in St. Louis he demanded "incomparably the greatest navy in the world" if our Allies and enemies abroad did not do what we wished. It is the reverse of statesmanship because it is playing with fire. It stiffens the backs of the imperialists in every country; it gives them the very weapon they need to hold out against further limitation of armaments, and it inflames the big-army-and-navy jingoes at Washington. Already Congressman Britten, chairman of the House Naval Affairs Committee, has followed Mr. Coolidge in an attack upon Great Britain and France in which, with characteristic American self-satisfaction and self-glorification, he declares that "the true basis of American statesmanship is honesty of purpose coupled with frank, open expression of opinion while the very heart of the European diplomacy is the art of deception, the soul of trickery."

If the public opinion of the United States does not speak out promptly, our relations with Europe and Great Britain will be worse than at any time since our unfortunate participation in the quarrels of Europe. We do not deny a certain amount of provocation to Mr. Coolidge, for we have criticized in our columns the stupidity, the folly and the underhandedness of the Franco-British naval agreement. But the thing to do is not now to threaten and berate and lecture those involved, but to pour oil upon the troubled waters lest we find ourselves far along the road to an Anglo-American conflict.

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An Ugly Sea Tragedy

ON a storm-tormented sea littered with the wreckage of a once great steamship, where living persons clung desperately to floating jetsam and dead bodies floated unheeded, a Negro quartermaster with the memorable name of Lionel Licorish found himself in a boat with an injured fireman—and no oars. The quartermaster jumped overboard, swam to a capsized lifeboat, got a pair of oars, and then swam back to his own craft. He then rowed about amid the wreckage, picking up a score of those fighting for life in the water. In that same engulfing sea Paul A. Dana found himself near a stewardess, Mrs. Clara Ball, when their lifeboat—which had had a hole stove in it—capsized and left them to fight the ocean as best they could. Together they swam to a spar to which they clung, immersed in water, all afternoon, all night, and most of the next morning until rescued by the American Shipper. In the radio room of the doomed steamship, an Irish operator, O'Loughlin, continued to send calls for help even after the list of the vessel compelled him to lie on his stomach. The final plunge of the vessel found him still there at his post—and carried him down. On the careening deck of the Vestris a commander who had waited too long to summon help, and been unequal to debarking his passengers in the titantic difficulties of the last hour, nevertheless died like a man and a sailor. Spurning the advice of a steward to save himself with a curt "Hell, no," Captain Carey went with his ship.

Such instances of resourcefulness, endurance, courage, and plain old-fashioned human obstinacy are good to recall against the less creditable background of the foundering of the Lamport and Holt liner. For one is inclined to write down the loss of the Vestris as the greatest disaster of the sea, *morally* speaking, that has occurred in this century. More persons perished in the sinking of the Lusitania and the Titanic, but the former was torpedoed in war time, and sank so quickly that no skill or heroism could have prevented some human sacrifice. As to the liner Titanic, the loss was due to a lack of sufficient boats in which to lower the passengers. No captain and no crew could rise above that. On the other hand, the foundering of the Vestris will be remembered as one in which the captain was apparently more occupied with the possible hope of preserving his ship and its material cargo than in saving its human freight. And worse still, the wreck of the Vestris will be associated with the ugly memory that while more than half of the passengers—including most of the women and every child—were drowned, three-fourths of the crew were saved.

What we call "fixing the blame" for the wreck is going on apace, and eventually the proper sum of condemnation will be measured out and apportioned among various scapegoats. And as usual the deeper causes will remain unprobed and the blame, in its more fundamental reaches, will never be distributed. Every steamship wreck in our times is different up to a certain point and then it is tragically similar to every other. Up to the moment when the order comes to take to the boats every disaster is a story by itself. From that time on certain facts recur with monotonous persistence. Often there is a shortage of boats, though this is less common since the Titanic went down. That disaster was followed by laws requiring more adequate life-saving equipment which have resulted in genuine improvement. But though the boats be numerous enough, it is invariably found that some of the gear is defective or unworkable, and there is commonly some lack in oars, food, water, or other necessities. It usually turns out, too, that the crew shows itself unfamiliar with lowering the boats or with rowing them once they get in the water. Boat drills on steamships are notoriously farces, and what can be expected on the third day after sailing of a crew most of which was probably new to the particular ship, if not unused to any ship? Finally, it always happens when the order comes to take to the boats that men and women show themselves to be human. Some dominate emergencies and some shrivel before them. Some prove themselves—surprising fact!—to be heroes and others to be rats.

Will we learn something through the foundering of the Vestris? Just as the sinking of the Titanic brought an increase in life-saving apparatus, so perhaps we may hope from the experience of the Vestris that boat drills may be something other than the solemn nonsense now customary and that attention will be paid not simply to *having* life-saving equipment, but to keeping it in readiness for use. Perhaps, even, we may begin to insist upon having a substantial number of real sailors in the crew of every steamship, though that is rather much to hope for. Finally, the sinking of the Vestris should remind us that the sea is still unconquered. We have so successfully subdued nature ashore that we tend to grow careless and arrogant toward it. But at sea the most we have done, from the Ark to the Leviathan, is to gain a little more speed, a little more comfort, and a little less hazard. We are as far from conquest as ever. It is best so. Man would be insufferable if he were to become master of everything.

Mr. Hoover's Trip

MR. HOOVER, unable to wait until March to begin work, is rushing off to South America on a "mission of good-will," and it is reported that a group of young men in the Department of Commerce are at work compiling whole books full of statistics upon Latin-American trade and resources for Mr. Hoover's edification. Mr. Harding once asserted that his chief reading, in the interval between his election and his assumption of office, was the Old Testament. Mr. Hoover reads trade statistics. On the whole, it augurs well. The Old Testament is dangerous reading for a man who must concern himself with foreign relations. Either the New Testament or trade statistics is better. "Good-will" and "trade" are increasingly synonymous.

Possibly the President-elect is mapping his course after that of the Prince of Wales. There are those who disrespectfully assert that the Prince of Wales is the chief drummer of the British Empire—a better good-will ambassador than even a Rotary Club could provide. He is the symbol of the majesty of empire—even a colony with a grievance is proud to be visited by the son of the King of England. Furthermore, it is quite possible that the Prince and the counselors who accompany him learn by travel. Doubtless the same thing will be true in Latin America. There is not one of the Latin republics which will not be proud to receive the President-elect of the wealthiest republic in history; and even the President-elect also may learn something.

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The ex-Secretary of Commerce knows as much of the currents of world trade as any man in America. He knows that our exports to Latin America still amount to only a sixth of our total exports; but he also knows that ten years ago they formed only a twelfth of our export trade; and that so far as manufactures go—the part of our trade which is destined to grow—Latin America already absorbs more than a quarter of our foreign shipments. It was no accident that he picked Latin America for his good-will tour. If he had been seeking merely areas of present friction, he might have made his soothing speeches in Europe; plainly, he preferred to visit not merely areas of friction but areas of possible trade expansion.

Visiting Latin America, however, he is likely to learn of matters which are not reflected in the trade statistics. In Chile and Peru he will still find a lingering bitterness over our mismanagement of the Tacna-Arica dispute. He may learn that sometimes it is better to let the Latins settle their own troubles in their own way. President Coolidge's arbitration, General Pershing's impressive presence, could not calm the ancient passions of that frontier; but when the American officers retired, a Chilean newspaper conducted a campaign of reconciliation; a Peruvian poet visited Chile; and today without alien intervention, the two countries are on the highway to a compromise. We hope Mr. Hoover may hear of these episodes.

In Argentina Mr. Hoover may meet a touch of coolness. His campaign speeches about the tariff were reported in full by the enterprising Buenos Aires newspapers, and resented. Argentina ships a little corn—not much—to our Pacific coast, and a certain amount of hides and meats, all of which are affected by the American tariff.

He may also learn that the United States naval commission which is training Brazil's navy does not conduce to friendship—or trade—with Brazil's neighbors. This active cultivation of a big navy in the Southern hemisphere is one of those matters of American policy least reported and most resented.

While in Brazil Mr. Hoover may not have time to mount the river to Mr. Ford's five-million-acre rubber plantation. But he will hear of it; and he will note that it is an empire within an empire. He has at times shown a resentment of the little baronies in our own home coal fields, where the ordinary processes of civil government are subjected to an industrial despotism. If he has time to visit the American copper mines in Peru and Chile, the rubber empire in Brazil, the oil principalities in Venezuela and Colombia, the banana dukedoms of Central America, he will note what power American capital wields, and understand, perhaps, why thoughtful Latins are appalled at this industrial "progress" in their countries.

Finally, stopping at Mexico on his way home, he will talk with our ablest foreign ambassador, Dwight W. Morrow, who has been able to face an economic revolution and to work with the tide. Mr. Hoover may learn from him how inevitable the Mexican Revolution was in a country governed by a native despot in the interest of such regal foreign landlords. Reflecting upon what he has seen south of Mexico, he may ponder how to avert in those countries the catastrophes which a similar economic status has produced in Mexico. If he reflects deeply enough upon that series of events and phenomena, he might become not merely America's greatest salesman, but the greatest statesman of the greatest economic empire of history.

Those Terrible Britons

IN the interests of international peace and friendly understanding some things ought to be prevented by law. Among those which come in mind immediately are (1) books about the United States by visiting Englishmen—especially visiting English lecturers; (2) Mr. St. John Ervine's drama column in the New York *World;* and (3) criticisms of American books in any British review.

The English reviewer almost invariably adopts one of two tones: approval tinged with surprise, or disapproval tinged with sorrow. More than often an English critic finds in the book under his eye a microcosm of American civilization. We have before us, for example, a column from a recent issue of the London *Times Literary Supplement.* The reviewer is discussing a book by an American about "stunts," a word apparently employed to cover all sorts of athletic and acrobatic exercises. It seems to be a solemn book in which are collected some 700 examples of agility and strength. One would hardly think the book worth more than a trifling mention in a literary review. But its reviewer sees in this volume something of vastly greater significance than a rather pedantic compendium of generally unimportant information. He considers it at considerable length as "one more manifestation of American earnestness, industry, and energy." He explains that an Englishman would have described such "minor feats of balance" in fifty small pages, while the American, with characteristic elaboration, consumes 500 large ones. He points out that these "stunts," employed in England to "while away rainy hours in cricket pavilions," are in America seriously applied to the end of physical education and moral improvement for the young. (We should like to urge upon the reviewer, as extenuating facts, that our climate is obviously superior to England's and that we have no cricket pavilions, but we suspect he would discard such frivolous suggestions.) He is determined to make us all Puritans for the sins of one earnest and encyclopedic authority on stunts. The book is interesting to him, he concludes, "as an illustration of the American temperament; and it may be taken as an example of the inability of the American to play or of his aptitude for directing play to some profitable end."

We cannot forbear to quote the directions for performing one of these stunts by which our national character is to be judged. Its simplicity and charm should commend it to everyone. Its name is "Heel Jump," and the instructions follow:

> *Materials.*—A pencil.
>
> *Preparation.*—Place pencil on floor and stand so that toes almost touch it. Bend over and grasp front of toes.
>
> *Stunt.*—Jump over pencil without releasing hold on toes.
>
> *Coaching.*—A sudden raising of the back simultaneously with the projection of the body forward will accomplish the feat.

After all, why should we resent an attempt to explain the temper of the United States by a book packed full of exercises like the above? Who knows; we may achieve new heights of national greatness if we concentrate assiduously enough on the effort to "jump over pencil without releasing hold on toes." Perhaps America's future battles will be won in the heel-jumping pavilions of Yale and Harvard.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

IT is always a zestful sight to see men exercising their intelligences, with agility and sound principle, in the cause of intelligent behavior. It is even possible that on some farthest star this effort will come to some good end. But in spite of these props, I find my spirits sinking lower and lower when I read such expert expositions of the lunacies of censorship as Morris Ernst and William Seagle have just turned out in "To the Pure . . ."* I say to myself "If this doesn't hold them, nothing will," and echo answers promptly, "Nothing will."

For censorship is simply not one of the things that come from intelligent consideration of life and times. It comes from emotional consideration. And when a couple of brilliant young men tear the pretensions of intelligence from the vice crusaders, they have no call to be surprised, when the dust has settled, that the vice crusaders don't even know that they've been by that way at all.

At the end of this antic book, the censors have been made to look like the most hopeless lot of fools in the world, as indeed they are, but I have a desolated feeling that the censors, knowing this already in the secret places of their hearts, won't give a blame. They labor, we know, under what we call, in our neat modern speech, a compulsion neurosis. Their feelings are geared so that, if the skies fall, they can do no other. They are as slick as the next one at calling in the treachery of words and the stencils of "Thinking." But nobody need try to tell me that plain proof that they are fat-heads is going to get anywhere near what's biting them. The point about censors is that there is something they would rather not be than fools. They would rather not burn in hell-fire. If their mothers had caught them young, put a small night-light in their rooms during those hours when bears could be heard creeping up the stairs, or small red devils could be imagined twisting little tails about the corners of the bed, the vice-crusaders might have been led to put away childish things in decent season. If their teachers had been up to snuff, and had calmed their agitations over their little "sins" of pre-adolescence and so on, they would have had a second shot at salvation. If their colleges had breathed a wholesome air, some later tardy reconstruction might have come about. But none of these things happened to censors, as you can tell by looking at them, so by the time they begin to scan bookstore windows and the advertisements of art galleries, their own heavy-hearted emotional fears, undissipated and uncalmed, are so at floodtide that no mere intellectual derision can so much as pin their ears back.

All this would be pretty sad, but for one thing. That thing is the grossly maligned and outlaw business of bootlegging. I hope to live to donate the first dollar to a huge mountain monument to bootleggers—in addition to those dollars already more pragmatically spent by me toward the first down-payments on their Rolls-Royces. If we are to live in a world where the fear-ridden, shame-ridden, emotion-steered censor is to be allowed to flourish because his garb of piety is accepted at its garment value, we must do a little something for ourselves. If it so happens that there are those of us whose mothers did put night-lights at our bedsides, so that we survived the fears of early childhood, and those of us who outgrew the filthy sense of the inherent evil of the human being in toto, we have nowhere else to turn but to our bootleggers, purveyors of whatever kind of nourishment we regard as valuable to us.

Now there is an odd and somewhat devastating quality appertaining to the bootlegger. He's a pretty lovable guy. This fact makes no more sense than the panting labors of the censor. It also is bedded in the realm of pure feeling. He goads you into the fields of action where the adrenalin runs high. Adrenalin creates a delightful feeling—competence, well-being, delusion—if you like—of vast power. Proscriptions shut off all this surging upward thrust, and invite you to the satisfactions of nullification. Anybody who imagines that these latter are the more stimulating is hereby permitted to go out and count noses.

I shall at this point assume that you have counted the noses, and that you droop sorrowfully back with the numbers outrageously against you—that is, if you are not on my side. I shall then ask, with an acuteness borrowed from the authors who have sent me on this investigating tour, whether or not this brainless, feeling-drenched censor remote from intellectual control and the dupe of himself as well as all his terrified brethren, is not in the end our greatest benefactor. There is really only one thing we really ought to be allowed to find out about "the pure"—namely, whether these treasures that they withhold from us because they tremulously cannot manage them are worth our time to bootleg them into the house. On the basis of the lists provided by Mr. Ernst and Mr. Seagle of books and what not proscribed by the Sumners, the Watch-and-Wards, and so forth, there doesn't seem to be a great deal going about now that is worth fooling around for. A bootlegger of liquor must prove that what he has is something better than merely gin or Scotch—it has to be good gin or Scotch. At least, as good as can be made in the home, and in a short time. A good book-bootlegger has to meet, at the present time, no greater requirement than that, for the moment, his stuff is contraband. To take as our basis just those books listed in "To the Pure . . .," the books that scare the censor are not good enough to be worth bootlegging.

After all, as these prancing and stimulating authors affirm, and then prove, the arch-crime of censors is their folly, and though folly may not seem a reproach to them, to us, after we have had a little experience with them, it is at least no sign-post. A very delightful jurist of my acquaintance said the other day: "Well, the law is always a hundred years behind the lawyers and judges, and the lawyers and judges are a hundred years behind the times." We are here tempted to ask what the times are a hundred years behind, and the first answer that submits itself is "To the Pure . . .," except that we must then change that neat sequence of figures and say that the times are a thousand years behind "To the Pure . . ." And even as I salute the intelligence, the honesty, and the courage of Mr. Ernst and Mr. Seagle, I remember that the Yankee translation, unauthorized, of a musical comedy playing in Paris in 1918, which was called by the French "Plus ça change," was just good old "As You Were."

HEYWOOD BROUN

* Viking Press. $3.

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Chain Stores

The Revolution in Retailing

By MERRYLE STANLEY RUKEYSER

[*This is the second of a series of articles covering the more significant aspects of business and finance. The next article, The Federal Reserve System, Is It a Popular Menace? will appear shortly.*]

HUGE fortunes are in sight for the skilled merchandisers who can repeat in the field of retailing the more efficient performances which have already been standardized in the realm of production. The trend toward heightened efficiency has been enthroning big business at the expense of little business. Great department stores, chain stores, and mail-order houses are rapidly gaining a larger ratio of aggregate consumer patronage. The movement has recently become so accelerated that statistics become outmoded before they are classified. A wholesale realignment of the agencies which are seeking to woo dollars from consumers is taking place. The battle, though it arraigns big business against little business, is waged less on the issue of size than on that of efficiency. The traditional rule-of-thumb merchant is confronted with a future of diminished prosperity. For several years the statistics of business mortalities have been heavily weighted with the casualties of independent retail stores and of jobbing houses which served them. The independent single unit storekeeper, though not necessarily doomed, seems destined to get a smaller share of the aggregate retail business in the future. At present, independent retailers still do about 60 per cent of the total business.

Of the newer agencies in the realm of distribution, chain stores are having the most rapid expansion. Department stores, which developed several decades earlier, have apparently reached a phase of diminished rate of growth, though their trade continues on a high level. Department stores in the future are likely to grow with the population. Chain stores are expanding far more rapidly, and there are no indications thus far that the movement has yet begun to spend itself.

The scientific approach to problems in retail distribution is so recent a development that adequate data are still lacking, and probably will be until 1930 when it is hoped the government census will be extended to include retailing. It is estimated that aggregate retail sales in the United States in 1928 will attain the unprecedented height of between $42,000,000,000 and $43,000,000,000. According to the best available statistical computations, the department stores of the country did 16½ per cent of the total retail volume in 1926; chain stores about 12 per cent; mail-order houses, 4 per cent; company stores, commissary stores, and that type of institution, 2 per cent; house-to-house canvassing, 1 per cent; consumer cooperatives, ¼ of 1 per cent; and independent small retailers, about 63 per cent. In 1928 the most striking shift has been the relative gain of the chain stores at the expense of the independents. Paul Nystrom, sales specialist and professor of marketing at Columbia University, who made these estimates, believes that chain stores may do 16 per cent of the total retail business in 1928. Chain stores, though originally established before department stores, at first grew more slowly, especially before 1900 when the department stores were already expanding rapidly. The chain stores began to gather distinct momentum after 1910, and have had their most impressive growth since 1919. Since 1914 the chains have probably quadrupled their volume, which has tripled since 1919.

A gain of 17.68 per cent was shown in the reported sales of thirty-six chain-store organizations for the first nine months of 1928 as compared with the corresponding period in 1927. The net sales were $1,025,158,895, compared with $871,144,486 in 1927. In recent months there have been singularly few new chains. As a matter of fact the number of chains has probably diminished as the stronger and better-financed chains have been absorbing weaker systems. The Kroger Grocery Company, for example, which was recently publicly financed by Lehman Brothers of New York, who have been especially active in bringing capital to companies in the retail field, has been rapidly absorbing other chains. Thus far, this year, the Kroger chain, which is second in size only to the Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company, with its 17,000 stores, which do a larger gross business than the Pennsylvania Railroad, has absorbed the Hoosier Stores Corporation, the Folts Grocery and Baking Company, the Eagle Grocery Company, C Thomas Stores, Inc., Universal Grocery Company, Piggly Wiggly Corporation, Piggly Wiggly Valley Company, Columbus Piggly Wiggly Company, Middle States Stores Company, Missouri Illinois Stores Company, and the Fly and Hobson Company.

There are in the chain-store field two schools of thought on the subject of expansion. One believes in buying ou established companies, with proved earning power. That is a quick road to bigness, obviating the delays and the expense of building up new units. The disadvantage lies in the expense entailed in paying a substantial premium to the old owners. Financial sleight-of-hand facilitates such mergers. The financial public is willing to capitalize earnings more liberally when they are included in the statemen of a well-managed, publicly financed chain than when the are retained by a smaller, less-known company, whose share are not readily marketable. From a stock-market standpoint, it is obviously profitable for a big chain whose stock sells twenty-five times earnings to acquire a privately owned chain at fifteen times earnings.

The second school of thought leans to the view that it is preferable to open up new units, and avoid the expense of paying fancy prices to other founders. It is noteworthy that Sears, Roebuck and Company, which recently had 17 stores, and Montgomery Ward and Company, which will have more than 150 by the end of the year, are in each case opening up their own units, starting at scratch. These two mail-order houses, which have been flirting with the chain store idea for several years, really entered the new field on a substantial scale this year. Montgomery Ward and Com-

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pany has announced that its goal will be 1,500 stores. The initial stores, like those of Sears, Roebuck, have been profitable and optimistic speculators in Wall Street and, ignoring current earnings of the company, have been extravagantly capitalizing in the stock market their expectations of enhanced earnings in the future. Sears, Roebuck may double its array of stores, which vary in size from mammoth department stores to small automobile accessory shops. At least thirty are urban department stores.

In connection with its recent expansion program, Sears, Roebuck and Company brought into existence the chain department store which has long been theoretically advocated. Most of the older groups of department stores are not really chains but financial affiliations. Sears, Roebuck, however, applies the chain-store methods of centralized buying and home-office direction of individual units. Sears, Roebuck and Company plan to enter only the larger cities, avoiding towns of fewer than 30,000 population.

Montgomery Ward, on the other hand, purposes eventually to go into very much smaller towns, thus giving the traditional customers of catalogue houses an opportunity to visualize actual merchandise. Good roads bring motorized farmers to shops in nearby towns and Montgomery Ward ntends to be represented in them. Though the new stores a so far as they cater to rural patrons will compete with the catalogue of Montgomery Ward, the management of the company believes that they will also compete with the catalogue of competing mail-order houses. Four-fifths of the Sears, Roebuck customers also receive the Montgomery Ward catalogue.

The Sears, Roebuck philosophy of chain-store expansion is different. Its executives believe that the catalogue business which caters primarily to the rural classes has already reached its peak of development. Machinery is fast replacing human labor on the farms and threshing machines and mechanical tractors do not require work shirts and boots. According to the estimates of the Department of Agriculture, the following net flow of population from the farms to the cities has taken place in recent years:

During year	Persons Leaving Farms for Cities and Towns	Persons Leaving Cities and Towns for Farms	Net Movement from Farms to Cities and Towns
1922....	2,000,000	880,000	1,120,000
1924....	2,075,000	1,396,000	679,000
1925....	1,900,000	1,066,000	834,000
1926....	2,155,000	1,135,000	1,020,000
1927....	1,978,000	1,374,000	604,000

Believing that the farm population is likely to stand still or decline further, the Sears, Roebuck executives lean to the view that the opportunity for the future expansion of sales lies in catering to the fast-growing urban population. General R. E. Wood, who became president of Sears, Roebuck last January, was formerly a vice-president of Montgomery Ward. He helped to plant the idea of chain-store expansion in the minds of the management of that company and has been a prime mover in getting Sears, Roebuck to set itself up to duplicate its success in dealing with rural folk through the catalogue in the new chain of urban stores.

A group of retailers and bankers is projecting a third chain of department stores. The Hahn Department Stores, under the presidency of Lew Hahn, head of the National Retail Dry Goods Association, is aiming to absorb established stores in cities in all parts of the country. Although planning to effect changes in management slowly, the new company expects ultimately to subject the units to centralized management and buying. The chief riddle in developments of this kind lies in whether the chain principles can be adapted to fast-changing fashions in so-called style merchandise.

The advance of the chains helps further to change the American economic scene. The old-fashioned entrepreneur, who started out with little capital and less grasp of merchandising technique, is not so likely to succeed. He faces a new and threatening competition, from well-administered systems with advantages in mass buying, in a trade-marked name, and in superior merchandising methods. Of course, many students of the question believe that the country has been oversupplied with merchants—with 1,500,000 storekeepers, most of whom have been eking out only a bare existence. Many, of course, have been involuntary philanthropists, working without net return, being rewarded only with insolvency. Others who keep going are in many instances earning little more than wages for themselves and the members of their families who contribute all the labor needed. They mistakenly believe they are amassing profits; adequate bookkeeping would reveal that they have only been earning wages. Only a small minority of the independents are talented merchants who make handsome profits.

In the last session of Congress Senator Brookhart induced the Senate to adopt a resolution instructing the Federal Trade Commission to undertake a thorough investigation of the methods of chain-store systems. Asserting that 4,000 chain-store systems operate 100,000 stores, the Brookhart resolution, suggesting the hazard of a trend toward monopoly in retail distribution, directs the Federal Trade Commission to study the anatomy and physiology of chain-store systems, and to report to the Senate as to

> (1) The extent to which consolidations have been effected in violation of the anti-trust laws, if at all; (2) the extent to which consolidations or combinations of such organizations are susceptible to regulation under the Federal Trade Commission Act or the anti-trust laws, if at all; and (3) what legislation, if any, should be enacted for the purpose of regulating and controlling chain-store distribution.

The Federal Trade Commission has already instituted its inquiries, but has not yet scheduled public sessions. The Brookhart resolution constituted a timely recognition of the importance of the subject. It is desirable that the Government should keep abreast of the movement, and, if not discouraging it, should at least promote public opinion in favor of the elimination of abuses. Though the chain idea has been grasped with renewed vigor recently as an instrument for bringing the rule of efficiency to the slovenly field of retail distribution, it is capable of misuse like other economic tools. Chain systems already differ widely among themselves in efficiency, in social responsibility, in their attitude toward labor, and in other matters.

The F. W. Woolworth Company, a pioneer in the chain-store field which excels in saving for net income an exceptionally high percentage of gross profits, has already demonstrated that the chain idea cannot only be indefinitely extended at home, but also can be successfully introduced in foreign countries. Its earlier success in England has recently been duplicated in Germany, where natives earlier failed in an attempt to adapt the five-and-ten-cent-store idea. To avoid resentment the Woolworth Company specializes in Canadian-made goods in Canada, in English-made goods in England, and in German-made goods in Germany.

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In the future chain-store managers will have to show increasing subtlety and business genius, for chain will compete against chain, thus neutralizing the obvious advantages in quantity buying. The retail business in the future will go increasingly to the best-managed chains and the genuinely talented independent merchants, who have emulated chain-store efficiency and tempered it with a better grasp of local idiosyncrasies, the personality of the owner, and the individuality and taste of the smaller shop. Where fashions, artistry, and individuality are important, as in millinery and custom tailoring, the chain idea does not seem readily applicable. Chains are most effective when dealing in staple merchandise, such as groceries.

Consumers are likely to benefit from the heightened race for their favor—in lower prices and in better service. The well-managed chains, though operating in quest of profits, indirectly help to stretch the buying power of the ordinary pay envelope. In so far as this is the case the consumer is little moved by the sentimental pleas of vanishing old-fashioned merchants, whose inefficiency used to levy a substantial cost on the community in which they operated. Accordingly, there is little evidence any longer of the types of appeals which harassed independent merchants vainly made two decades ago. Before the war it was common for an independent cigar merchant, for example, to erect a huge sign appealing to consumers to patronize him, rather than the chain store which opened nearby. The cigar dealer in those days notified the public that his business future had been threatened by the arrival of the trust. Out of sentiment he expected consumers to stick to him. The plea was unrealistic and unavailing. The consumer was primarily interested in lower prices, fresher merchandise, and improved service. Where the chain gave such advantages it prospered, and grew with striking rapidity. Finding consumers hard-boiled and unsympathetic the hard-pressed independents are now looking to the politicians for aid, although such assistance can hardly impress the consumer.

North Carolina, South Carolina, Maryland, and Georgia passed anti-chain-store laws imposing special taxes on such systems. The courts in North Carolina, South Carolina, and Maryland have already declared the measures unconstitutional. Hostile legislation was also proposed in numerous other States. To combat political opposition, chain-store executives have recently formed the National Chain Store Association, an outgrowth of the National Chain Store Grocers Association. This association, it is understood, plans to raise a huge propaganda fund to demonstrate the advantages of chain-store buying and selling.

The Master of the Vestris

By FELIX RIESENBERG

BY the law of the eternal sea the master, as the name implies, stands to the fore. First to board his ship and last to leave, he is the word and the law and the impersonation of the power absolute. His judgment, foresight, caution, skill, and integrity stand between the weak and helpless and the horror of such disasters as those of the Egypt, the Principessa Mafalda, the Angamos, and the Vestris, only to name ships that have foundered recently.

For a lifetime a man may follow the ancient calling of the sea. For years on end he may steam from port to port as master, carrying an aggregate of goods and treasure staggering in amount. He may have been actually responsible for the safe conduct of thousands upon thousands of lives. It is quite possible that never, in all of his time, will he lose a ton of cargo or a single life. All of this is the subject of tabulation, of strict statistics carefully compiled. The stowage of the ship, managed by others, may always be reasonably safe. Cargo and coaling ports and hatches attended to and inspected by others may always be securely closed against the sea. The structure of his vessel, inspected by the surveyors, may be safe at all times and his boats and gear may be legally and actually sound. The dangers of the sea have been discounted. Clever underwriters fill in pious phrases referring to an act of God, and balance chance against numbers. It is all a commercial problem in which the ship and cargo are insured against loss by fire or foundering and tickets are sold to as many passengers as can be crowded on board.

The shipmaster, referred to in the opening paragraph, has become very much of a cipher in the modern organization known as the steamship business. The cold facts are that this man of supreme responsibilities is an employee like any other employee, paid about four hundred dollars a month on large passenger steamers and less in many other services. The master, on practically every vessel afloat today, is an underpaid servant.

The underpaid master, in fear of displeasing his owners and with the constant problem ahead of him of continuing the support of his family, may easily develop a self protective point of view designed to hold himself in continuous employment. It is a subservient and humble attitude not uncommon everywhere but decidedly out of place at sea. This sort of thing may result in timidity and indecision and even in downright criminal incompetence when some grave emergency demands that the master shall be a man of rapid and decisive action. This is no specific indictment of the owners of the S. S. Vestris, it is a blanket charge against the accumulated stupidity of this age of steel and steam, the marvelous machine age that has filled the oceans with vessels carrying passengers for hire. We have built great ships, but have overlooked the fact that great men are needed to command them in the hour of danger.

The cable robbed the master mariner of his function as a merchant trader. It relegated him, in the minds of many owners, to the status of a ship conductor. The radio has further linked him with the office desks ashore and in many instances has made him a creature of the whims of others. The shipmasters of the days of the clippers would look with scorn on the status of the shipmaster of today.

These conditions, and they are actual conditions, economic facts, as anyone who cares to investigate may find out, have in no way strengthened the hand of the ship master. To the great credit of the old fraternity of the sea let it be said that the low pay, small honor, and meager treatment of the merchant master mariner has not completely wiped away his virtue. The great majority of ship

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masters today, under the conditions cited, remain true masters of the sea, firm and steadfast in their realization of the overwhelming burdens always upon them. A list of the value of the properties they command, the number of lives intrusted to them, and their compensation would make interesting reading.

While the true seaman cannot be warped by poverty, the weak man becomes more weak under the system now in vogue at sea. Captain Carey of the S. S. Vestris presents a study of criminal indecision almost unparalleled in the recorded history of the sea. His apparent fear of incurring a possible salvage charge against his owners may have been a thought that obsessed him. No other reasonable explanation can account for his long delay in signaling for help. Keeping down costs is a sort of holy gospel on many ships of today, and, as the masters have had this drilled into them both by word and fact, the dollar assumes an importance beyond all else.

Captain Carey, who went down with his ship, while not an admirable figure in any way, is also as much of a victim as the smallest child tumbled into the sea by this disaster, based on negligence and stupidity. He was the victim of an inspection, however perfunctory, that pronounced his vessel seaworthy, an inspection made by officers of the United States Steamboat Inspection Service. That service is charged with the most important duties falling to any public servants. It is under the Department of Commerce, lately conducted by a great administrator and humanitarian, Herbert Hoover. Its inspectors, officers charged with duties that directly concern the safety and lives of thousands, are shamefully underpaid. Its powers, especially with regard to foreign craft plying out of American ports, many of them passenger carriers, are limited. The United States Steamboat Inspection Service has many able men saddled with unending duties but almost submerged by official parsimonious blindness. These United States inspectors saw nothing wrong with boats, ports, or gear of Captain Carey's ship.

The stowage of vessels no longer depends upon the master, even indirectly through his mates. Often the officers are merely watchmen and tally clerks. The habitual and constant supervision of the old time ship's officers has suffered in the process of progress. The constant and careful overhauling of boat gear, falls, and tackle is no longer a seamanlike and thorough proceeding. Captain Carey was not personally responsible for conditions such as these, conditions more or less common now at sea. The security of cargo and coaling ports may never be reported formally to the master, by the mate, but much is taken for granted, and on the average, of course, such ports are closed.

The lifeboats are lifted from their chocks and lowered in port, to comply with the letter of the law, but in no adequate way does this assure any degree of skill in their handling. Certificated lifeboat men are created by some mysterious method not directly connected with the actual handling of lifeboats in a sea. Boats themselves, after certain statutory requirements have been met, vary greatly. No tests have been made to determine and insist upon the staunchest form of construction. Boats called "lifeboats," and more properly deathboats, are built in the cheapest way of sheet metal easily punctured and impossible to repair in an emergency. Other boats are simply planked, easily stove in, and are difficult to keep tight when drying out on the boat deck of a ship. The best boats are those built of two thicknesses of stout oak planking, crossed in diagonal laps, riveted together, and strengthened by heavy waterproof canvas laid between the layers. These boats cannot be stove in except by some extreme force, but they are expensive equipment. Costs and safety to life are often balanced, with the scale inclining toward economy.

And with all of the boat equipment cluttering the upper works of steamers, how little of it can be used! The crews of steamers constantly change, the men never have practice in lowering boats in a heavy sea, they seldom have organized practice in rowing, and almost never lower all boats at one time. Such precautions are too much trouble!

The safety of the million or so of passengers on the sea today is largely a matter of chance. Knowing the terrible risks, the almost insurmountable difficulties, shipmasters alive to their responsibilities grow prematurely old through worry.

Having taken a brief survey of conditions at sea, conditions prevailing on many ships throughout the world, let us follow the S. S. Vestris. She steamed out of the Port of New York, bound for the River Plate, on Saturday, November 10. Her papers were in order, her condition seaworthy, according to certification, this largely a matter of perfunctory detail. The averages, of course, were with her. Heavy seas were met with, it was Sunday, and the vessel took a list. Cargo shifted, she was on her starboard side, her coaling ports were submerged, and one of them, sprung open, or improperly closed, admitted a constant stream of water into the bunker.

Did Captain Carey at once radio the condition of his ship to his owners? If not, what was his object in keeping her condition a secret? He must have realized the danger to his ship and to his passengers. Yet the scant evidence seems to show that Captain Carey held back his S O S, stopped his engines, and attempted to right his vessel. The story of an attempt to bail out the ship, by hand, seems too incredible to believe. The attempt to jettison cargo is hardly in keeping with the tale of high seas. The whole day and night previous to the disaster the S. S. Vestris was in such peril that no explanation seems adequate to account for the silence of the master. Timidity of almost heroic proportions must have gripped him. He must have seen a specter rise before his eye—the terrible specter of salvage costs. Captain Carey seems to have been more afraid of salvage than he was of death, and he certainly had no very great sense of moral responsibility toward his passengers, many of them women and children.

Women and children first! In the bungling experiment of launching boats, the first boats capsized into the sea. The piled-up horror of the picture, of no leadership, no seamanship, no decent foresight under the very shadow of doom must remain an awful daub against the bright record made by British seamen.

This record of the habitual belittlement of the master is no mere figment of the mind. In this state of small rewards and grudging recognition and fear we might find many Captain Careys. The underwriters have figured it all out for us, it is all a business; the premiums are based upon actual percentages, and so you are really quite safe with your women and children, safe to go anywhere in the world today, in comfort and luxury, just as long as you don't sail on an Egypt, a Principessa Mafalda, an Angamos, or a Vestris. Even then you might be safe if you had a master in command who was well qualified for his trust.

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Americans We Like
Hunt of Arizona

By MARY AUSTIN

GEORGE WILEY PAUL HUNT began his career as Governor of Arizona the earliest possible moment it could be arranged in anticipation of Statehood. This was in December, 1911. His only lapse from office was 1919-1920, which he spent in recovering his health and acting as Minister to Siam, returning by way of the rest of the world in time to defeat certain proposed amendments to the State constitution designed to wipe out the initiative, referendum, direct primary, and other Jeffersonian prerogatives of the people. There was also a lapse of executive activity in 1917 owing to a mistaken impression on the part of the Republicans that Thomas E. Campbell had been elected, later corrected by the courts. Since which time, except for his absence in the Far East under instruction from his Government, George Hunt has remained in the executive chair.*

By his political opponents—and some of Arizona's best men have taken the field against him—the Governor is credited with all the political astuteness which a man can carry without upsetting a reputation for courage and honesty which even his opponents do not impugn. Possibly some light is thrown on the situation by explaining that Hunt is a Democrat from Missouri, of South Carolinian Revolutionary stock; that he came to Arizona in 1881 as a lad of twenty-one or -two, hustling for a livelihood when the West was so new, became a cowboy, a mucker in a copper mine, a clerk in a commercial company, emerging about 1900 as its president and a member of the Territorial Legislature. In 1910 he was made delegate to the Territorial Convention, became its presiding member, active in securing the ratification of its constitution which did not altogether please the timid and conventional Taft. It was the opinion of Arizona at that time that the constitution ought to please the President, since it could so easily be made over to please Arizona at the next meeting of the legislature. Accordingly the Territory came in as a State with George Hunt as first Governor. All of which seems to suggest that Hunt may have a native gift for political management.

In any personal study of the man, however, it is quickly evident that such a gift rests upon a native interest in and sympathy with that entity known as the People. The gist of complaint against him is that administratively he seems to be guided by those interests and sympathies rather than by the rules of the game that are known as "economic and business principles." But suppose that interest in and sympathy with human beings is the only admissible excuse for that play of personal quality on group perception which is the mainspring of politics? And suppose that, when the play of personal quality upon group perception is used to advance political dogmas, it becomes merely a play on human prejudices and prepossessions, as seems abundantly proved in the American experiment. Then the personal quality that can produce such results as George Wiley Paul Hunt's continuing gubernatorial relation to Arizona becomes a primary political interest. To one who believes, as does the writer, that the set of dogmatic behaviors which goes by the name of "economic and business principles" is about as relevant to social progress as the rules of mah jong, people who "play politics" with such "principles" for counters appear about as useful to society as though they were actually engaged in the Chinese game. Therefore the survival of a political type, and enough people in Arizona willing to be interested in him, who without prejudice to his integrity abandons the conventional economic dogma and plays politics on the basis of human interest, becomes at once an object of acute intellectual curiosity. It may be recalled that faith in the political validity of human interest and personal quality were once assumed to be sufficient ground for launching the American experiment. It is only here in our Southwest that the type lingers and reaches its peak in Governor George Hunt.

In part this may be owing to the fact that Arizona is still close enough to pioneer conditions to constitute Hunt's particular personal qualities—courage, honesty, and self-direction—the test of men. Within his sixty-seven years Hunt has been everything an Arizonan can be except rich. Probably no one in American politics grows deliberately rich who is not more interested in the mechanics of the game than in its humanities. Just how astute Hunt may be in the building and management of a political machine must be told by those who have had experience with him; in its final public effect every stroke of his career is seen to be on the side of the humanities. His path is always instinctively in the direction of the Jeffersonian ideal of man as an essentially decent creature of self-governing capacity.

To understand him in relation to these peculiarly Western situations it is helpful to realize that the Governor's formal education ended with the eight grades which ordinarily carry the American boy to his fourteenth year. Later the lack was made up by studious reading of the time-sifted residue of books called classic.

In this manner he escaped that standardization of ideas and thwartings of the natural instinct for his own right way which seems to be the goal of modern education. It is partly owing to the informal quality of his learning that Hunt has avoided that conventionalization of his interests into categories of the "practical" and all others. Anything that people do interests him. Governor Hunt has one of the most complete private collections of Arizona Indian arts and crafts in the State. What he brought back from the Far East were chiefly examples of Oriental handicrafts. He is especially interested in making grow any plant which may prove of use or pleasure to man, and the garden about his home is a horticultural experiment station stocked with contributions from all over the world. He is interested in game laws and the preservation of wild life, himself breeding pheasants and en-

* Governor Hunt failed of reelection on November 6. He was defeated, in the Hoover landslide, by a few thousand votes, by John C. Phillips, Republican.—EDITOR THE NATION.

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couraging others to breed them, and wild turkeys, for the replenishing of the depleted coverts of Arizona. He has been active in resisting the "practical" interests that would destroy the alleged 150,000 deer on Kaibab National Forest Reserve. He has reinstated the elk in his ancient pastures. When the artist invasion of the Southwest began a decade or so ago, Governor Hunt did not know any better than to be interested in that, too, and though there were business men enough at hand to advise him how impractical all that art bunk is, he became an early and persistent buyer of pictures, even occasionally buying them for his State. In precisely the same fashion, without reference to the orthodoxies of professional uplift and criminology, he has interested himself in prison reform. He visited prisons and interviewed prisoners, introducing such alleviations as that for every day of the condemned man's incarceration spent in public works he receives two days' remission of sentence, and that while in prison he may take any preferred course of correspondence-school instruction at the State's expense. The Governor is particularly outspoken against the death penalty and in favor of free speech and a free press. Without getting himself tagged with any of the current captions of radicalism, George Hunt is known as a "friend of labor," and at the same time committed away from all leanings toward state socialism and in favor of early American individualism.

This brings us down to the Bisbee deportations in the summer of 1917. Arizona has vast mining interests controlled largely from Eastern financial centers, with labor for the most part imported from outside, particularly from Mexico. At that time the I. W. W. was pretty well intrenched in the mines massed close to the Mexican border, which the prevailing revolutionary conditions rendered a source of general uneasiness. In July a strike was called in Globe and Clifton, followed in no long time by violence. Big Bill Haywood denied that the strike had been called by his organization, which put the trouble squarely up to the local miners and mine-owners. Woodrow Wilson, who, it may be recalled, had a large uneasiness on his own hands about that time, suggested that George W. P. Hunt be asked to act as conciliator, and Hunt accepted. This was during the eleven months when Campbell was in the chair and the courts were trying to find out who had been elected. Hunt's acceptance was regarded as a source of unnecessary embarrassment to the acting Governor, and with some suspicion, since he was known as a sympathizer with labor. Nevertheless he believed himself to be acting for the good of the State as a whole, and the indications are that he might have effected something; but the matter was taken out of everybody's hands by a Citizens' Protective League which promptly and illegally deported about a thousand of the more or less implicated miners.

The details of that dramatic event are too fresh in the public mind to require recapitulation. Acting Governor Campbell appeared to be powerless, and Hunt was asked by the President to investigate and report upon the deportation. This led to further investigation under Secretary of Labor Wilson. Too late to redeem the situation, it was decided by the courts that Hunt was the duly elected Governor of Arizona. One of his earliest official acts was an unqualified condemnation of the illegal and constitutionally inadmissible action of the Citizens' Protective League, composed of some 1,500 influential citizens. I have never found it possible in my own mind to reproach Arizona for this rejection of a situation originating within its borders at the instigation of influences and interests outside the State's social consent, and in a brief account of the State's evolution, written somewhat later, refused to allow it more than an incidental value. The point in recalling it now is that the group of citizens responsible for the deportations was the one which makes most public profession of "economic and business principles" in the conduct of politics, that the episode was without force in the reelection of Governor Hunt, and that it has at least one point of resemblance to the present situation created by Hunt's resistance to the Santa Fe Compact in respect to the Colorado River Reclamation Project.

Any complete account of the Colorado River difficulty must wait upon a larger opportunity. Briefly, the seven States with rights of usufruct in the river, meeting at Santa Fe in 1923, agreed to an arrangement by which Arizona, which has less than 2 per cent of its lands outside of the river basin and is in every way most intimately affected, is left competing with California and Nevada for 50 per cent of the benefits of the river's reclamation.

This compact Arizona, with Hunt leading, has refused to ratify, first of all on the ground that it puts Arizona's future, with all its implications, at the mercy of California's immediate advantage. Immense resources of irrigation and power will accrue from the conservation of the river. California is working for a plan which will enable her to put in a claim far in excess of her natural right, a plan which if successful will enable other States to enter the territory of a neighboring State and appropriate its natural resources for their own use without the consent of the plundered State.

The "economic and business principle" upon which this revolutionary proceeding is founded is that California wants and is ready to use these resources much sooner than Arizona, which is not quite so far along in her development. This is a characteristically American and distinctly menacing situation. That our modern business world in the United States is woozy with speed and goggle-eyed with the infatuation of size is a fact all the world knows and deplores. The California project is, in the cult of boosters, a BIG THING, RIGHT NOW. Who in this world has attention to spare for a small-print proposal involving the normal evolution of regional culture on regionally circumscribed natural resources? For one, George Hunt has, and a large following in the State of Arizona. That the Swing-Johnson bill, which is one of California's devices for getting what she wants, opens the door to a use of federalization which is clean outside the original intention of the Republic, or that California appears to be willing to make alliance with Mexico in her proposed rape of Arizona's resources, are items which may or may not interest other United Staters. They interest the Governor of Arizona extremely.

There he stands, the representative figure almost solely aware of the nationally threatening implications of his situation. A man on the further side of middle years, bulky, homely in the old sense of looking the sort of person a deep-rooted racial experience recognizes as a familiar home type, a voice smooth but without insistence, an eye that twinkles easily, evident but not obtrusive lack of health, a manner of great good nature and complete invulnerability. Certainly the outstanding political figure in our Southwest.

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In the Driftway

THE West Coast! Mr. Hoover's visit along that desolate but majestic stretch from the Panama Canal to Valparaiso brings back many pictures to the Drifter: lighters bobbing up and down in the swell of the Pacific Ocean as they loaded or unloaded cargo from the ship lying in the roadsteads of drought-baked ports; kicking, bellowing cattle hoisted aboard by slings; vendors of Panama hats and other merchandise who came on deck at the various stops, gradually reducing their prices as the hour of sailing arrived, until at the last blast of the whistle they almost gave their wares away; piles of yellowish-white blocks along the waterfronts of the nitrate coast representing its unique wealth; beyond all the ever-present backbone of the Andes—5,000 miles of vertebrae the heights of which were lost in gray mist while their base was obscured in windrows of tawny sand sprawling out to meet the sea.

* * * * *

THE West Coast! Among travelers, of course, that never means the Pacific shore of our own country, but only and exclusively that of South America. There were practically no docks along the entire stretch when the Drifter last saw it, and there are few, he believes, today. The ship stopped a couple of hours or a couple of days in the roadstead of various ports while stevedores worked cargo from lighters and passengers rowed ashore to explore the towns. The Drifter traveled on a Chilean steamship with a bluff, hearty English skipper who insisted that the Drifter occupy two cabins and chose him as partner in the deck sports, doubtless because the Drifter's lack of skill showed off the captain's finesse to better advantage. Anyhow the captain always stood by with encouraging advice and his favorite slogan: "Come on now, Drifter. Faint heart ne'er won fat lady." As our ship belonged to a Chilean line but had an English skipper, and carried a good many passengers of the same nationality, we had to conform to the eating habits of both Chile and England. This meant seven meals a day, which was rather strenuous for us poor dubs who were neither Chilean nor English but just neutral trenchers. In order not to offend either side, most of us compromised by showing up for all the meals of both. It may sound impossible, but it's wonderful what sea air and good cooking will do as appetite producers. We began with coffee for the early risers and at eight we sat down to a good English breakfast, beginning with porridge and running through salt fish and eggs and bacon to marmalade and toast. At eleven the gong sounded for the South American *almuerzo*—or breakfast—while at one o'clock we were back at the board for a substantial English lunch. English tea followed at four, at seven there was an international dinner, and at about ten the day was concluded with an English cold supper. When we left the ship at her last port some of us could scarcely squeeze between the rails of the gangway. There was danger that we would have to be dropped ashore like the cattle—in slings.

* * * * *

THE West Coast! Mr. Hoover's first large city will be the ancient capital of Lima, just back of the port of Callao. Lima, where the eyes of the women are as soulful as Madonnas and as black as their beautiful *mantillas*, is probably more Spanish than any city left in Spain today. The Drifter is sure that Lima has not changed in its essential character since he saw it, and probably not much since the days of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey." Below Lima for a thousand miles stretches the nitrate coast, barren but stupendous. Practically no rain falls on the western slope of the Andes over the entire stretch. No grass, no trees, no littlest redeeming spot of green. But though there is no rain, there is almost no sunshine either. The clouds are always gathering around the gaunt upper tiers of the Andes, though they yield no moisture. Mile after mile of this coast unrolls before one, a wall of parched mountain heights with billows of tan-colored sand between it and the sea. How it is barren, but how, also, it is beautiful! On such a waste of sand sits the city of Iquique, famous the world over for its export of nitrate of soda across the Seven Seas. As if to compensate for nature's lack of verdure, the people of Iquique have painted their houses green. Antofagasta, another great nitrate port lower down the coast, has not been at such pains. It seems utterly dreary, too depressed with itself even to try to recall any distant Eden. Before visiting Antofagasta the Drifter once asked an American drummer what it was like. "If the president of the Anti-Saloon League had to live in Antofagasta for six months," was the reply, "he'd become a drunkard."

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Rumanian Minorities

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I want to sketch the background of the minority problem in post-war Rumania. If the various committees that have gone to Rumania had gone in a less partisan spirit (especially the American committees which gave a proselyting and sectarian Protestant point of view), we might have obtained an excellent monograph on the subject instead of vivacious partisan documents. Is it not true that at a recent meeting the Episcopalian proposal to help progress and reform within the various Greek Orthodox churches was turned down by the unanimous voice of the rest of the denominations in favor of the more militant policy of conversion? We know that the great Protestant churches are out for the continuation of the "Great Reform," which is doubly unfortunate because the protagonists of the "Great Reform" in Rumania belong to non-Rumanian races. Rumania is still governed by the old generation, born and bred in a pre-war Balkan atmosphere of suspicion and fear; and what can they oppose to money and foreign influence if not the organized power of the state?

A second point is the fact that the minority groups are themselves ruled by conservatives who prefer association with the so-called Liberal Party (really conservative) because of sympathy with its economic program in spite of the fact that this conservative, chauvinistic party is obviously inclined to curtail the cultural and other rights of the minorities. The National Peasant Party, on the other hand, has an economic and financial program adapted to the needs of a cooperative peasant state, but this is unpalatable to the leaders of the minorities although it would benefit the minority masses both from the cultural and the economic points of view. The leaders have not hesitated to sacrifice the interests of the masses to their own ends, and have thereby incurred the suspicions of everybody.

The German minority has best established its connections with the administrative organs in Bucharest and has accepted the post-war settlement most sincerely. Issues are still pending,

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for the minority treaty requires interpretation, but it has been interpreted most favorably for those that have gained the confidence of the Bucharest administrative organs. The Hungarian minority, on the other hand, looks upon the present situation as "temporary," since the Hungarian Government is pursuing its revisionist campaign abroad. It has failed to establish connections with the Rumanian administrative organs; worse still, it defies them. In such an atmosphere problems cannot be solved nor treaties interpreted. In Rumania there are at least three distinct Jewish minorities, each with its peculiar problems, so that no general solution is feasible. The Jews, too, are organized into a political party, whose leader is a conservative and has backed the present regime, the leaders enjoying the material benefits of the association while complaining against the chauvinistic policy of the same party.

It is possible that in the circumstances the policy pursued by the Jewish minority was the best for itself; the conservative regime in Rumania had been in power for nine years, and it had to be dealt with. We also know that Mr. Filderman, the leader of the Jewish Party in Rumania, was almost blackmailed into allegiance to the present regime by Mr. Duca, the present Minister of the Interior. There were threats that the Anti-Semitic League would not be curbed, as, indeed, it was not. Rather Mr. Fischer backed Mr. Filderman and obtained some tangible improvements in the situation, which, again from the immediate point of view, cannot be denied. Before this the policy of the United Jews of Rumania had been antagonistic to the Rumanian Government, and no tangible results had been obtained. But in the long run minority rights must spring from a more generous and all-pervading progressive doctrine backed by a new mentality. This is the hope that the National Peasant Party holds out. Under such a progressive rule the Jewish question would certainly be improved.

I doubt whether the problems referring to the Hungarian minority can be solved by any party, whether from the Left or from the Right, so long as a feudal government in Hungary encourages them in an attitude of intransigence. No policy, however friendly, would improve the situation until democratic governments are installed both in Hungary and in Rumania. Till then there will be interpretations of treaties, American commissions, investigations, campaigns, declarations, but no solution.

And, since a tale of murder has been repeated in *The Nation* and elsewhere, may I say that the December outbreaks, though violent, left no dead, that the Hungarian dispatches that announced them were denied two days afterward by all the American correspondents, that people on both sides were injured, and, finally, that damages have been paid for the destruction.

New York, October 24 AURELIU ION POPESCU,
Associate Editor *Independenta Economixa*
of Bucharest, Rumania

Socialism and Prejudice

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: During the last campaign more than 10,000 clippings referring to the Socialist Party came to my attention. I traveled to the Pacific Coast with Norman Thomas and attended more than half of his public meetings. I saw a great deal of the correspondence which came to National Socialist Campaign Headquarters as well as the many thousands of inquiries which came to the *New Leader*, the Socialist publication. In all these contacts I never found one single substantiation of the statement contained in *The Nation's* leading editorial of this week: "We cannot forget that for most Americans socialism connotes only Bolshevism or anarchy." Only twice have I heard this idea suggested—once in your editorial and once by Mr. Villard in a radio address soon after Election Day.

New York, November 16 EDWARD LEVINSON

[Our expression was perhaps unguarded. But the fact that we meant to bring out, namely, that socialism is utterly misunderstood and damned as dangerous radicalism by masses of Americans, is as true as it is regrettable. *The Nation* will always be ready to protest against this confused political thinking, but it must recognize facts as they are.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

Catholic Despair

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: We, as Catholic Americans, have no voice in this government, since our boys need never cherish the hope of attaining the office of President of these United States of America. I would like it to be known that sixteen members of this family will never put the government to the trouble of counting our ballots, for we will not vote again. The need of another "Boston Tea Party" is our answer.

Brooklyn, November 8 JOSEPHINE COSTIGAN

Next!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Now that we have lost the election and the K. K. K., the A. S. L., the Funnymentalists, and the tomheflins are in the ascendancy, along with the priests of Mammon, maybe we will get together and form a liberal party. Or shall we meekly bow our necks?

Boston, November 8 HARRY ENOS ROUILLARD

Contributors to This Issue

MERRYLE STANLEY RUKEYSER writes a daily financial column for the New York *American* and associated newspapers.

FELIX RIESENBERG, engineer and master mariner, is the author of "East Side, West Side."

MARY AUSTIN, poet, novelist, and critic, lives at Santa Fe, New Mexico.

HAL SAUNDERS WHITE is in the English department at New York University.

BLANCHE BLOCH often gives sonata recitals with her husband, Alexander Bloch, the violinist.

DOROTHY BREWSTER is assistant professor of English at Columbia University.

WILLIAM SEAGLE is coauthor with Morris L. Ernst of "To the Pure . . .," a book on the obscenity laws.

ERNEST GRUENING has just published "Mexico and Its Heritage."

RUTH PICKERING will write a series of articles on the dance for *The Nation*.

KARL RENNER is the former Socialist Chancellor of Austria.

G. E. R. GEDYE contributes to *The Nation* frequently on Central-European topics.

Next Week

The Nation's

HOLIDAY BOOK NUMBER

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Books, Plays, the Dance

Under the Sheen

By HAL SAUNDERS WHITE

A shadow on the wall
Burns inward
Forever.
Under the sheen
Dead walls know hunger;
Door jambs have strong arms for holding.
Floors take the parting pressure of feet
Forever.

This Week

A Private Letter to H. G. Wells

DEAR MR. WELLS:

Although you do not know me from Eve and as likely as not would disown me if you met me, I am, as you English would say, by way of being one of your daughters. Only in the most figurative sense, of course. Actually I have an excellent father who offered me a cigarette and your novels at almost exactly the same time—when I was about sixteen years old. I imagine he knew I was likely to adopt you as a sort of secondary parent and was willing enough to share the job.

I recall riding in a night train from New York toward the Adirondack Mountains and reading on the way a new novel, "Ann Veronica." Beside me was seated a stout, gray dignitary who knew my family. "Does your father allow you to read that sort of book?" he asked me. "I read them first," I said, "and then I decide whether to allow him to." You can see that the Wellsian influence was already at work. By adopting a new father at that viscous age I took shape gradually in his image: pert, undignified, irreverent, headlong, hopeful, ready to alter everything including myself into almost anything different.

And not only I. By the same process, a whole generation of cocky, iconoclastic young men and women came into being. Of course, you were not our only father, Mr. Wells. There were others, particularly Mr. Galsworthy and Mr. Shaw. Together you formed a sort of Unholy Trinity, a symbol of all that seemed daring and wicked and promising in those pre-war years. So much of us was bound up in you and your creeds that when Virginia Woolf with her thin sharp knife quite recently unfleshed your bones, we felt the blade along our own nerves and shrank slightly—even while we admired her deft and hardy courage.

But you were the most energetic and intimate of our fathers. You covered so much ground. You opened so many doors. You delighted and excited and angered us. You offered us all the world in tempting cans with lively labels: Socialism, Free Love, Marriage, Education, World Organization, and H. G. Wells's Patented Feminism—Very Perishable. Down they went. And gradually, on this varied if not always digestible diet, the children grew older.

You know what happened; it often happens to the better sort of fathers. You stayed just exactly the same age; but we grew up. For long periods we stopped associating with you; then we would run into you again. "He hasn't changed in ten years," we would say admiringly; or, "He doesn't seem a day older. How does he do it?" The war came; and there you were being intelligent, hopeful, inquiring about the war. The Russian Revolution burst—and you were there as the sparks descended. You launched a religion or two and unhorsed a couple of rather worn-out deities. You wrote a history of the universe. You condensed it. You sniffed the smoke of the General Strike, and wrote "Meanwhile." Then, not long ago, you began to map the future, the whole future, to visualize more completely the organizing of the race, the creation of a social purpose, the international control of the collective interests of mankind. In short, you wrote a book on What to Do About Everything, and promised several more to follow. And in the midst of this project you took time out to write a very pleasant sort of novel or fantasy with sermons attached, called "Mr. Blettsworthy on Rampole Island"* which brings us down past the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti.

So here you are, right to the minute, with ideas, humor, plans, romances, charts, slogans, energy, erudition, religion, science, hope. . . . And where are we—the generation you so obviously and inescapably begot? Some of us are dead—because people didn't listen to you before the war began. The rest of us have grown skeptical. We smile paternally every time a new book by you appears and we read one of them now and then if it isn't about religion. We smile and then we go on as we are—expecting little, doing less, seeing and understanding somewhat more. We have lost most of the brash impetuosity and expectant eagerness that characterized our pre-war years. We are not even as pert as we were. War and revolution and peace have combined to make us wary of programs and dubious of collective purposes, especially those developing from the enterprise of "stronger and better men" than we. We are the Mr. Blettsworthys of your world, Mr. Wells. You tell us, out of the mouth of your latest personal spokesman, Mr. Graves, that "this world is full now of enterprise. Confused, conflicting, disorganized, aimless, if you like, but here it is. . . ." We grant the enterprise; it has created an exciting and in some ways a pleasant world. But how much of it is being spent on organizing the equitable distribution of rubber and oil and cotton and coal or in intelligently planning for peace? Such organization may be attempted one day, if the Western World holds together, but not, we suspect, because wise and strong people "are feeling their way; making their plans." Rather because great pressures produce slight shifts.

Still, don't let's argue about that; it would take all night. Let us agree to differ. Let us admit that you are young and we are old and the generation that is just behind us is older still. Let us admit that, from your point of view, your children didn't turn out very well. The truth is, I've been disagreeing with you ever since I adopted you. First about feminism; then about marriage; then about religion. And now about everything. (Particularly, I think you did the natives of Rampole Island a serious injustice; only the seamy side of primitive customs seems to attract your attention.) All in all, I should say that this state of universal disagreement between us proves that you are the ideal father.

FREDA KIRCHWEY

* Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

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Franz Schubert

Franz Schubert. By Newman Flower. Frederick A. Stokes. $5.

WHEN, twenty-six years ago, the late Henry T. Finck reviewed Heuberger's biography of Schubert in the columns of *The Nation* he commented upon the growing recognition of Schubert's exalted rank among the great masters as "one of the most noteworthy phenomena in the musical world today." Since this was written there has been a steadily increasing interest in everything concerning "the little man who was a giant," culminating this year, the centenary of his death, in all manner of celebrations, memorial concerts, monographs, and biographies both here and abroad.

Newman Flower's interesting work includes much new material made available by two years of research. In his foreword he disclaims any attempt to deal critically with Schubert's music. His aim is to present a picture of the man and his circle, and this he has done with a wealth of detail and as completely as his temperament allows. But the perfect Schubert biographer must be more in sympathy with the Viennese spirit than Mr. Flower has shown himself to be. The "beloved city of song," joyously, sentimentally celebrated by countless of her children, receives none but harsh words from his pen. "Art was dead." "Life moved in the slow, dread circles of fear." Surely this is not the smiling Vienna of Schubert and Schwind, of the "Drei Mäderl Haus," and Grillparzer's "Eternal Bride," the city that Spohr called the capital of the musical world and Sir William Henry Hadow compared with Periclean Athens.

Schindler said of Schubert that his life presented neither hill nor valley but an open plain. In attempting to heighten the interest of a story almost devoid of external incident the story-teller must be sorely tempted to dramatize, even to distort, unimportant details, and Mr. Flower, it seems to me, errs in persistently creating tragedy where probably none existed. He quotes Schubert's well-known letter to his brother Ferdinand as an example of his acute suffering in his student days at the Konvikt. "In a torment of hunger," says Mr. Flower, Franz begged his brother to send him a few groschen a month for apples and rolls. Other biographers have used this same letter to prove that even as a boy Schubert possessed a sense of humor.

"It is doubtful," says Mr. Flower, "that Schubert realized the measure of his tragedy." Doubtful indeed! Surely a life filled to overflowing with a never-failing spring of melody, with the consciousness of genius and the adoration of a brilliant circle of friends, to say nothing of the congenial coffee-house evenings, must have presented compensations far outweighing any lack of public recognition. If Schubert had been as deeply concerned as his biographers with his own success, he would probably have done something about it. He might have been director of the Opera if he had been willing to alter one of his scores. Those to whom success is important are usually ready to compromise. Schubert refused. He might have had help from Weber if he had not been unnecessarily frank in expressing his opinion of "Euryanthe." The first public concert of his works was received with such enthusiasm that a second was demanded. He never arranged it.

In all fairness, it must be admitted that Mr. Flower is not alone in his estimate of Schubert's unhappiness. My quarrel with him lies in the fact that he too seems to have failed to grasp the exaltation that must have filled the inner life of a man whose constant companion was beauty and who could compose seven songs in a day.

Aside from this lack, Mr. Flower's book must be of unusual interest to every Schubert lover. He casts significant light on many disputed questions, notably the love affair with Caroline Esterhazy, and he absolves Salieri from all blame in losing his pupil the Laibach appointment. He also offers a new version of the circumstances attendant on the composition of "Hark, Hark, the Lark." Special mention must be made of the portrait reproductions, especially the beautiful Teltscher which serves as frontispiece. It is a pity that the names of the artists, many of them members of the "Circle," are so often omitted.

BLANCHE BLOCH

The Wild Goose

Orlando. A Biography. By Virginia Woolf. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

"MY name is Brown. Come and catch me if you can." So the novelist, according to Virginia Woolf when she is speaking as critic, is perpetually solicited by some Brown, Smith, or Jones, and launched on the pursuit of character. Success in the pursuit is the test of his achievement. Mrs. Woolf's Brown has appeared in the guise of the Rachel and Jacob who perished young, the Mrs. Dalloway who found life still exciting at fifty, the Mrs. Ramsay who died in a parenthesis; and now he steps forth as Orlando, hero-heroine, who dies not at all, but spans the centuries from Queen Elizabeth to Thursday, October 11, 1928—at that moment aged thirty-six and a lady. And now we know what we have suspected for some time—but Mrs. Brown in the corner of the railway carriage led us astray: that Mrs. Woolf is not seeking to capture characters, but life. The characters serve her often very well; but when they don't, an empty house in the Hebrides, or a mark on the wall will do. Orlando at any moment of his surprising career is no more alive than his historic house, where "the light airs which forever moved about the galleries stirred the blue and green arras, so that it looked as if the huntsmen were riding and Daphne were flying." Yet life escapes after all. When Orlando's lover swoops down in his plane on the last page, there springs up over his head a single wild bird. "The wild goose," cries Orlando. The wild goose that had haunted her ever since she was a child. "There flies the wild goose. It flies past the window out to sea. . . . I've seen it here, there, there, England, Persia, Italy . . . always it flies out to sea, and always I fling after it words like nets, which shrivel as I have seen nets shrivel, drawn on deck with only seaweed in them. And sometimes there is an inch of silver—six words—in the bottom of the net. . . . But never the great fish who lives in the coral groves." There is much more than an inch of silver in the nets Mrs. Woolf draws in, and the seaweed comes from the gardens of Poseidon, or from those enchanted frozen depths where during the Great Frost in England shoals of eels lay motionless in a trance, and the old bumboat woman sat with her apples in her lap, ready to serve her customers, and only a blueness about her lips hinted the truth.

What can one say of such a book, except that its fantasy is delicious, its poetry exquisite, and that the images into which its scholarship is distilled make one often catch one's breath with delight? One could solemnly explain that such and such an image—say the ice floes, with their fantastic human cargo, carried out to sea on the turbulent yellow flood that followed the Great Frost—meant this and that about Elizabethan life and letters. Better do as Mrs. Woolf does when Mr. Pope is pleased to be witty in a salon: "the little gentleman said. He said next. He said finally," with a footnote that these sayings are too well-known to require repetition. Let all the changes that the long-lived Orlando witnessed be suggested by the lovely image: "High battlements of thought, habits that seemed durable as stone, went down like shadows at the touch of another mind, and left a naked sky and fresh stars twinkling in it."

Exploring the stream of consciousness is still the salient feature of Mrs. Woolf's technique. But Orlando has hundreds of Mrs. Dalloway's moments; Jacob's room has become a mansion of a thousand chambers; and the river up which Rachel

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drifted is the stream of English life and thought for three centuries and more. Orlando experiences almost everything but birth and death—unless you call his change of sex birth or death: love, happy and defeated; desire for fame, disillusionment that turns him from men to dogs and nature; ambassadorial splendors; profound meditations on his high hill where the oak tree stood about which he wrote his secular poem; the joy of creating material beauty all about him, the urge to seek the strange and exotic, and the yearning to come home again; pleasure in the society of wits and relief in the honest company of prostitutes; the thrill of being a man and pursuing, and of being a woman and refusing and yielding; the comfort of black silk knee-breeches, and also—but no, there was no comfort for Orlando in Victorian crinolines. For it was then that she found it difficult to become one with the spirit of the age, though she did, passing Buckingham Palace one day, become blushingly aware of the masculine dress she had been amusing herself in, and fled home, to wrap herself in a damask bed quilt and sit down to a dish of muffins.

DOROTHY BREWSTER

Fustian—Not Faustian

My First Two Thousand Years: The Autobiography of The Wandering Jew. By George Sylvester Viereck and Paul Eldridge. Macaulay Company. $2.50.

OF all the legends which have fascinated humanity there is perhaps none which gives more scope for the creative imagination than that of the Wandering Jew. For precisely that reason it can be expected to prove the most treacherous to any artist who is not absolutely of the first rank. If it is treated at all with historical realism, it presents the most delicate problem of selection. It is fundamentally a Faustian theme complicated all the more by the time element. But if even Goethe made himself a little absurd in translating Faust's superhuman ambition to comprehend the whole of human destiny largely in terms of one Teutonic maiden, it is surely not to improve matters to add a thousand and one additional maidens including Hindu, Mohammedan, and Chinese.

It is exactly this, however, that the ambitious George Sylvester Viereck and Paul Eldridge have seen fit to do in pursuing the autobiography of Isaac Laquedem. The adventures of the Wandering Jew, covering the last two thousand years of world history, taken all in all, are supposed to constitute what the authors in the persons of their puppets call "the erotic interpretation of history." The method used to precipitate the story is to have the Wandering Jew stray into an old abbey in Greece where he is made to reveal his secrets in the course of a lengthy psychoanalysis conducted by some scientists who happen to have taken refuge there. And, assert the authors modestly, "Laquedem's analysis constitutes a complete mental chart of civilized men." May one be so rude, however, as to refuse to take "the erotic interpretation of history" to mean that all the history of Western Europe is to be explained by the exigencies of the Wandering Jew's *jousts d'amour?* He has two thousand years hanging heavy on his hands, and naturally a girl is ruined in almost every chapter. One needs an adding machine to keep track of them all. "Unendurable pleasure indefinitely prolonged" can be too much of a good thing. Nor is the "complete mental chart of civilized man" supplied by showing Nero fiddling while Rome burns, or Charlemagne in the throes of rheumatism, or Luther in the act of gulping a seidel of beer. Mr. Edgar B. Davis, angel of "The Ladder," will no doubt be interested to learn that many of the characters, historical and unhistorical, appear in many reincarnations. The halfpenny cynicism in which the authors revel is of the type which results from a protracted adolescence.

The greatest mystery of it all is that the authors, if not the book, come commended, however guardedly, by no less persons than Sigmund Freud, George Bernard Shaw, and Havelock Ellis. We hear that they have worked for over a decade upon the present opus but we nevertheless think that it has been prematurely published. We shall continue to prefer our Eugene Sue with all his faults. The first two thousand years seem to be the hardest.

WILLIAM SEAGLE

A Black Epic

Toussaint L'Ouverture. By Leslie Pinckney Hill. The Christopher Publishing House. Boston.

IT is subtitled "a dramatic history." Its form is blank verse, with occasional rhymed and prose passages uttered by the Haitian and French characters of "a drama not intended for the modern stage." In his foreword Mr. Hill reveals his purpose to refute the error taught Negro youth "that the black race has no great traditions, no characters of world importance, no record of substantial contribution to civilization." "The withering moral effects of this teaching," he says, "can hardly be computed."

In selecting L'Ouverture as his subject the author calls attention to the very considerable achievement of the father of Haitian liberty and its larger part in the independence of the New World. And he casts Toussaint (to whom Wendell Phillips assigned a place in history above Washington) in a gigantic mold, in the grand manner of opera and pageant. In consequence a certain classical unrealism is found in the lofty sentiments and language which flow from the hero's lips, as when he is made to say:

> . . . but this fox
> Demurred, and piled a Pelion of affront
> Upon an Ossa of disloyalty.

The influence of Racine is clearly noticeable—and of Shakespeare, in such typical passages as this:

TOUSSAINT (. . . in dreamy soliloquy)

> To be a leader! What is that to be?
> To stand between a people and their foes
> And earn suspicion for a recompense;
> To care for men more than they care themselves;
> To keep a clear discriminating mind
> Between the better counsel and the best;
> To be a judge of men, that none may rank
> In estimation higher than his worth,
> Nor fail of scope to prove his quality;
> To search the motive that explains the act
> Before it is accounted good or bad;
> To trust a man, and yet not be dismayed
> To find him faithless, going on again
> To trust another; to build failure up
> Into the tedious structure of success;

The witches in "Macbeth" clearly inspired this rendering of the incantations of the voodoo conjure women:

> Take this talisman—a skin
> Of the plantain: here within
> We have wrapped in fleecy cotton
> Charms of wonder, rank and rotten—
> Henbane, hyssop, cactus needles,
> Seven sorts of sharded beetles,
> The tail of a lizard, the dung of a goat,
> A slice of the iguana's throat,
> Sweat from thirteen quadrupeds
> And hair from seven human heads.

Yet one must not gather that Leslie Hill's "Toussaint L'Ouverture" is a miscellany of adaptations. It has a dignity, a majesty, and a unity all its own. Whatever its technical form it is an epic. It endows the tragedy of Toussaint, of Haiti, of the colored race, with new vividness and coherence.

ERNEST GRUENING

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Books in Brief

Trade Associations: The Legal Aspects. By Benjamin S. Kirsh. Central Book Company. 1928.

The author's training as Special Assistant to the United States Attorney in New York gives this book a direct value for lawyers representing trade associations. Cost-accounting methods, interchange of patents, foreign trade and collective purchasing functions are discussed in a practical manner in the light of the confused state of the law. *The Nation's* readers will regret the omission of discussion of the existing warfare between trade associations and trade unions.

Bonnet and Shawl. By Phillip Guedalla. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.

Mr. Guedalla writes in a milk-and-water Stracheyese that does his six women less than justice. He is too brief, too insistently enigmatic and ironical, he will have his little joke if not at the expense of the women themselves then at that of their husbands. Each of the women described—Jane Welsh Carlyle, Catherine Gladstone, Mary Arnold, Mary Anne Disraeli, Emily Tennyson, and Emily Palmerston—was married to a sort of genius; as a result each had more than her share of the seamy side of human relations. And the multiform characters that resulted—the strength, the nobility, the patience, the petty spite, the conniving, even the hypochondria—seem beyond Mr. Guedalla's pen.

The Complete Works of François Villon. Translated with an Introduction and Notes by J. U. Nicolson. Illustrations by Alexander King. Two volumes. Covici, Friede. $20.

Villon is very much in the air just now, and this new complete translation of his poems, including all the doubtful pieces that have ever been scraped together, is welcome. Mr. Nicolson, after an engaging introduction, gives us Villon both in the old French and in his own English, so that we may follow him in his effort to render the famous vagabond in appropriate terms. The effect is most of the time gaily and delicately successful; Mr. Nicolson's stanzas have spirit and flavor, and in the case of the rougher poems his language is the most honestly bawdy that we have in connection with Villon in English.

Pensées and Letters of Joseph Joubert. Translated with an Introduction by H. P. Collins. The Broadway Library of Eighteenth-Century French Literature. Brentano's. $4.

Joubert's "Thoughts" are among the subtlest and most gently penetrating of their kind. Mr. Collins's edition of them fills a definite need for those English readers who hitherto have known Joubert only through Matthew Arnold and others brought now and then in the nineteenth century under his spell.

American Negro Folk-Songs. By Newman I. White. Harvard University Press. $5.

Probably the most copious and fully annotated collection of its sort to date. Mr. White's work comes as a climax to the labors undertaken during the past decade or two for the purpose of recording the American Negro's achievement—already, as Mr. White makes clear in his preface, a matter of history—in the creation of folk-poetry and music. This is a book for specialists, since only they could appreciate the fragmentary nature of many of the exhibits; for them it will prove invaluable.

Famous Prize Fights. By Jeffery Farnol. Little, Brown and Company. $3.

Mr. Farnol was hardly the man to tackle such a sordid subject as this. He visions the broad highway of pugilism as a pleasant path along which saunters a procession of impeccable heroes, from Entellus to Dempsey. Nor is his sentimentality lessened by his twittering, chirpy style.

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The Dance

Doris Humphrey and Others

ALREADY, early in the season as it is, two or three dance recitals are filling as many theaters every Sunday night. Last year there were over sixty during the winter. It is a curious phenomenon, not yet fully explained. The performers insist on giving their programs against great odds. Though the vaudeville houses are open and unmolested, an organization called the Sabbath League consistently invokes an ancient blue-law against these unprotected dancers and, unless they prove that part of the proceeds is destined for charity, the recitals are threatened by police raids. Hence recitals are financially a liability, in spite of packed houses. Some of the dancers are backed by rich friends, but most of them save money from teaching or a vaudeville tour or a musical-comedy engagement to buy the costumes, music, and theater for this single Sunday-night effort which will show the public what dancing, undefiled by comedy acrobatics and unrelated pirouettes, means to the artist. Since the theater is theirs only for the day, the entire rehearsing, particularly of the lights, must be done during the eight hours before the opening curtain. As a reward for his efforts (aside from the artistic satisfaction) the dancer gets a tiny paragraph review in some of the Monday morning papers, probably a photograph in the Sunday rotogravure section (for dancers take far more interesting photographs than actors), and, if the enterprising Broadway manager who may be in the audience sees a certain amount of technique and not too much individuality, he may possibly get a future engagement in a show, which will help clear the deficit.

Nevertheless the Sunday-night recitals persist, in some cases, in offering to the public sheer, gay or tragic, exquisite beauty of movement, ranging from that dancing which verges on pantomime—as in the work of Angna Enters, Agnes De Mille, Charles Weidman, and less inevitably Martha Graham—to pure dance design as with Michio Ito and Doris Humphrey.

So far this season we have seen Benjamin Zemach of the Moscow Habima at the Yiddish Folk Theater with Ito assisting, Doris Niles's elaborate production of ballet and Spanish dances, Grace Cornell in her American debut, Hasoutra, again with Ito's help, and, most distinguished of all, Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman on October 28 at the Civic Repertory Theater.

Doris Humphrey, though differing from both, belongs in the Isadora Duncan and Ruth St. Denis tradition. Their revolt from the stiff conventionality of ballet became known, more or less inaccurately, as "interpretive" dancing. It is a loose term indeed, for what dancer does not interpret? Even the despised ballerina translates a set musical score into movement. But by its constant use the word "interpretive" has come to describe those dancers who use simple costumes which reveal body designs rather than conceal them; whose scenery detracts as little as possible from the projected choreography; whose ballet technique is well hidden if there is any at all; and who emphasize the flow of motion outward from the center of the body rather than extraneous muscular development of arms and legs. Motion is determined by the mood of the music, rather than by any pictorial or story-telling adaptation. The revolt arose from the despair these dancers felt in the lack of grace among the ballet-trained whose exacting technique led to hard crystallization in design, and its consequent inapplicability to natural human gesture. In spite of this, there is something to be said for ballet training (where else, for instance, is to be found the breath-taking defiance of space that the Russians know?) but it need not be said here in the face of the simple, fine beauties of Miss Humphrey's performance.

Though Miss Humphrey did some solo work, notable among her individual dances being her "Papillon," which she has danced many times before but which, for gaiety and grace continues to rank with the loveliest of lyrical dancing, yet her chief artistic interest is in group expression. Here her work resembles that of Mary Wigman in Germany, though Miss Humphrey has never seen this dancer. The most distinguished and the most complex display of group design was in Miss Humphrey's "Color Harmony," the music for which was especially written and orchestrated by Clifford Vaughan. Three colors, red, green, and purple, represented by three groups, danced their color mood, and the conflict was harmonized, in the end, by white (danced by Mr. Weidman) which absorbed the warring hues. The intellectual idea was just sufficient to give a kind of meaning, but the moving arrangements of the three groups to the music allowed beautiful threaded mass effects.

The most experimental venture of the evening was the "Water Study" by the ensemble, unaccompanied by music. A few years ago while still a pupil of Miss St. Denis, Doris Humphrey arranged a design without music. But in this, as she admits, her conception was wrong and the effect not that of a finished whole, but merely of a composition from which the music had been lost. Her new "Water Study" stands alone. In this choreography Miss Humphrey has pictured water in its every flow, from the slow swell and ripple to the breaking high waves of foam. So exactly was the representation followed in the cooperative body movement that it was wonderful in its analogy. The wave beat seemed to give it sufficient rhythm to suggest design beyond the mere imitation of nature, and the result was a thing of dramatic beauty. It was wholly successful. But whereas Miss Humphrey had in her first experiment relied on music for her inspiration and basic design, so here she relies on natural phenomena to copy. Schematic movement alone has not therefore been proved a created entity as yet; it is not yet wholly abstracted. In the recital which Miss Humphrey will give in the spring she plans to attempt pure abstract movement without musical or pictorial pattern.

La Argentina, who came to us recently from abroad and gave her first performance at the Town Hall on November 9, suffered none of the disabilities and inconveniences related above—except the one misfortune that she had to dance in the Town Hall, which is wreathed by the aura of too many political discussions to be the ideal theater of the dance. Her manager, her costumes by Callot, her international publicity achieved for her an enthusiastic, boiled-shirt audience. If this is said with what may appear bitterness it is not meant in any way to slight her brilliant rendition of Spanish dancing, but only out of sympathy for those native dancers whose worth is also high but whose path is less generously strewn with roses and chrysanthemums.

Just as Callot, in the decorative costumes, based her inspiration on Spanish dress but deviated at will from the authentic, so Argentina confines her line and movement to the Spanish mold but translates them into her own forms. The two outstanding attributes of Spain's dances—that high, proud bearing of the head and the use of castanets—she carries to perfection. Her castanets are not just clacking metronomes, but add music and mood to her dancing. Nevertheless these instruments mark the dance as Spanish, and personally I preferred Argentina in those compositions that were more universal in appeal. In the Fire Dance from the ballet "El Amor Brujo," to music by de Falla, which was a rhythmic ritual for driving away evil spirits, the primitive motions and emotional fervor of Argentina exorcised the devils of traditional form and dress, and one could hear the Santo Domingo Indians tramping out their corn dance on the desert of New Mexico. In her peasant dance of the province of Toledo, particularized as it is in the program, the gaucherie and will to gaiety were typical of the peasant from anywhere. The exaggerated pantomime in this number was the one serious flaw in Argentina's performance.

RUTH PICKERING

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Drama

Amateur Night

THE production of "These Days" (Cort Theater) brings the reviewer face to face with one of those mild mysteries of the contemporary theater which leave him pleasantly puzzled. Before the innocuous little play has proceeded very far upon its way he has already ceased to wonder how it is going to come out in the end, but he has begun, on the other hand, to ask himself repeatedly how it happens that it was ever allowed to come out at all. Mr. Hopkins, its sponsor, is one of the shrewdest as well as one of the most accomplished of our producers, and doubtless he had his reasons for treating it like a real professional play; but what can they have been? Perhaps he did so in order to please some doting father or perhaps he had some other motive which does equal credit to the goodness of his heart, but he can hardly have believed either that it had any chance of success or that it was good enough in itself to justify a financial sacrifice in the interests of art.

"Boarding School Girls. By One of Them" would be a far more comprehensive and descriptive title than that faintly sinister appellation, "These Days," which the comedy bears. There is, to begin with, a scene of a Pullman car in which the heroine is shown reading the *American Mercury* in order to establish the fact that she is much more than the fluffy-headed little thing one might mistake her for. This scene is followed by several (quite the best of the play) which introduce us to the secrets of Miss Van Alstyne's select finishing school for girls where the *Mercury*-reading heroine eludes the watchfulness of the presiding dragon and flies through the window with her own true love—a young man who attributes his conspicuous and romantic daring to the fact that his father was an actor. Since this young man is a really nice young man who not only stipulates that they shall stand on their own financial feet but holds up the elopement until he has extracted from the girl a satisfactory answer to the question "What is love?" no further trouble was to be expected and the point of the play seemed directed against the insensibility of boarding-school mistresses. But the third and last act are laid in a hotel on the Riviera, and this is where "these days" come in. It seems that the heroine had been suffering all along from the corrupting effects of a too lavish upbringing as well as from the defects of the finishing-school atmosphere. And here we find her being very hectic in very fast company. It seems further that she has left her husband (the divorce is delivered by mail in the midst of the scene), and in hysterically scornful tones she is telling them all what a joke it is that for a year she was content to live on fifty-dollar dresses and love.

Now, if the early scenes are realistic enough to suggest that the author had been in a boarding school this last act is absurd enough to prove further that she has only recently left it. There is a decadent young man who proposes to take the whole company to the morgue by way of giving them a wicked thrill, there is a dramatic moment when the heroine dashes a champagne glass to the floor, and there are all sorts of lurid touches which can have come only from Michael Arlen at his best or Somerset Maugham at his worst. Of course, everything turns out well in the end and the curtain goes down upon our heroine as she is sending a cable to the actor's son, but not until a schoolgirl's idea of the dregs of life has been drained to the last bitter drop. There are touches of observation in "These Days" and there is some real though distant promise, but to produce a play so obviously immature on the professional stage is to do a very doubtful kindness to the author. Miss Clugston—for such is the young lady's name—seems capable of recording what she has seen, but though she may have

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JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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International Relations Section

Ten Years of Austria's Republic

By KARL RENNER

Vienna, October 31

THE word "Austria" has two meanings for the world at large. For 400 years it meant a great World Power. From 1526 until 1918 it stood for the mighty empire on the Danube which was built up by the German princely House of Hapsburg out of the German Alpine countries, the Lands of the Bohemian and of the Hungarian Crown; and for a time it included also northern Italy and a part of Poland. This great Power broke up in 1918 under the hammer-blows of the Allied armies. The Czechs, Hungarians, Poles, and Jugoslavs formed their own states, and the inhabitants of the German Alpine districts on the Danube (the original family property of the Counts and Grand Dukes of Hapsburg) were left high and dry, deserted by those who for four centuries had shared with them good and evil fortune.

Not only was this country left overnight with no guiding hand and no future; it was flooded with disordered troops streaming back, horrified and bitterly angry, from the Italian front. What was to happen to these German provinces—what was to be the fate of their inhabitants? History will one day record that only the Social-Democratic Labor Party did not lose its head, but found a way out of the chaos and took the lead.

It was primarily owing to the impulse given by this party that on October 21 all German deputies of the old Austrian parliament assembled in Vienna and declared themselves to be a provisional representative body for the German parts of Austria—that is to say, representative of "Deutschösterreich." They decided to form its inhabitants into a separate state and to set up an independent government. It was a revolutionary action; there was no alternative. The National Assembly formed a committee with full powers to draft a constitution. On November 12, 1918, the Constituent National Assembly adopted the provisional constitution, and declared that all the German lands of the old empire now formed the German-Austrian Republic.

In this notable assembly sat also representatives of German South Tyrol and of the German territories of the present-day Czecho-Slovakia. These territories also by the free voice of the people declared their adherence to German Austria. Had the right of self-determination, as proclaimed by President Wilson, been allowed to have effect, these territories would today form part of Austria, which would have a population of at least 10,000,000. But German Austria, though only one-eighth of the old Danube monarchy, was condemned by the Peace Conference of St. Germain in 1919 to bear alone the war guilt for the whole and (what was of much more evil effect) the war debts. South Tyrol was given to Italy and more than 3,000,000 Germans to Czecho-Slovakia, so that there remained only a tiny state of 6,000,000, nearly one-third of whom inhabit the capital, Vienna. Thus there was created a state form unfitted to live at all, with a capital—the fourth largest in Europe—having practically no economic hinterland. The frontiers are drawn at thirty miles distant from this capital! It is precisely as though Paris with a few neighboring departments were to be cut out of France, deprived of access to the sea, surrounded with high customs walls, and declared to be an independent state. The country thus created was forbidden in the Treaty of St. Germain to unite with the other Germans of Europe in a common state, despite the fact that for centuries Vienna herself was the capital of the empire of the Germans.

All the greater difficulties with which the Austrian Republic has had to contend during these ten years can be traced back to these unhappy provisions of the Treaty of St. Germain. At the foundation of the Republic on November 12, 1918, the Constituent National Assembly declared unanimously: "German-Austria is a part of the German Republic." Union with Germany was immediately adopted as the national program. It was not national chauvinism which led the Social-Democratic Labor Party to put forward the demand for union, but the knowledge that Austria could not and cannot exist by herself. But such anxieties were simply brushed aside at St. Germain.

During the first two years of its existence the republic (1918-1920) was governed by a coalition of Social Democrats and Christian Socialists. At the elections held in the autumn of 1920 the Social-Democratic representation was weakened and the Christian Socialists secured a majority. From 1920 until today, eight years, the country has been ruled by the bourgeois party bloc, headed by the Christian Socialist Party and its leader, the priest Ignaz Seipel. This bloc secured the majority—though on each occasion a smaller one—at the two elections of 1924 and 1927. The bourgeois bloc government was at the start strongly influenced by monarchist propaganda and by the neighboring country of Hungary, where the throne was upheld and reserved for the Hapsburgs. Bit by bit, however, the republican idea has grown stronger and today predominates in bourgeois circles also.

The terms of the St. Germain peace were ratified in 1919 by the Coalition Government. From 1920 onward the bourgeois bloc has been solely responsible for foreign policy. Austria entered the League of Nations and through the mediation of Geneva the Federal Chancellor, Dr. Seipel, secured the so-called League loan for the rehabilitation of the state finances and the stabilization of the currency. For five years the country has had the benefit of the stable Schilling currency, though it has never obtained relief from the general economic crisis. Many factories still stand idle—the number of unemployed is, for so small a country, simply terrifying. Still is the country shaken by social crisis following social crisis.

Despite this economic depression, the Social-Democratic Labor Party in Austria has managed to keep the workers uninfluenced by Communist propaganda. Bolshevism found no soil to grow in Austria. Nevertheless, Fascist movements have arisen of recent years under the influence of the Italian neighbor, their leaders fired by the example of Mussolini. Heavy industry has equipped from its financial resources armed bands which threaten the working-classes and seek to sweep away the social-welfare measures created by the Social Democrats and to abolish democratic government in order to replace it by an abso-

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lutist regime. The working-classes have prepared for resistance and have formed a body which, if unarmed, is of a semi-military character for the protection of the republic —the Republikanische Schutzbund (Republican Defense Corps). There have been frequent collisions between the two formations, and again and again have workers been shot down by the Fascists. When, in July, 1927, the courts acquitted the Fascist murderers of Schattendorf, there was an entirely spontaneous and unexpected outburst on the part of the working people of Vienna, who marched into the Inner City, surrounded the Palace of Justice, and could not be persuaded even by the Social-Democratic leaders to withdraw. When the Palace of Justice was set alight, the police came into action and shot dead nearly a hundred of the demonstrators.

The events of July 15 stirred up the passions of all parties. The Fascist formations were strengthened, and the Republikanische Schutzbund also received fresh recruits, since the working classes are resolved to defend the republic by every possible means from the counter-revolution. The government of the priest Seipel has avoided taking any action which might have modified the differences between the two groups. Thus it was that on October 7 last the two formations marched out in full force and it was only as the result of the most extraordinary precautions that a clash was avoided.

The Austrian Republic celebrates on November 12 the tenth anniversary of its creation, although the grave problems which beset it remain unsolved. Its economic existence is still problematical, the future of the state uncertain, enforced independence the great hindrance to union with Germany, and social peace endangered. At the moment all political parties are endeavoring to celebrate in peaceful accord the anniversary of the foundation of the republic, but this accord should deceive no one. Austria constitutes an unsolved problem of European politics.

Austria—Enter Fascismo

By G. E. R. GEDYE

Vienna, October 31

AUSTRIA constantly voices her need of publicity, but owing to the lack of unity among her various provinces, rarely secures it in the measure she needs and deserves. The events at Wiener Neustadt, described in *The Nation* of October 24, certainly brought fulfilment to her desire for publicity, though in a peculiarly malicious form. So much so that after the event there was a certain amount of recrimination as to who was responsible for securing publicity in this undesired form. The Socialists pointed to the callousness toward Austria's suddenly developed stream of tourist traffic shown by the Heimwehr (Fascists), who insisted on marching 20,000 men from other provinces through the predominantly Socialist, industrial town of Wiener Neustadt, a bare thirty miles from the capital. Certainly nervous guests left in shoals, and, remembering that during the riots of July 15, 1927, visitors were isolated for four days in Vienna and that American visitors missed their boats, one cannot consider a premature departure on the days preceding the Wiener Neustadt demonstration as other than a wise precaution. Newspapers of the Right which had done as much as anyone to create panic by loud demands for big military contingents to go to Wiener Neustadt, and also for Vienna to be well guarded by troops and police, suddenly discovered after the event that all the alarm had been a Socialist maneuver to force the hands of the Government. Reproaches were leveled at the heads of foreign newspaper correspondents in Austria for "exaggerating" the dangers by those who did not stop to consider where there could have been room for further exaggerating the perils of a situation which induced Herr Vaugoin, the Minister for War, to move to Wiener Neustadt nearly one-third of the Austrian army, including artillery detachments, in order that both Socialists and Fascists might shake their fists at one another at the public expense across a barrier formed of the public forces.

Austria is to be congratulated on having escaped the threatened explosion on this occasion, but *en passant* only—one need not waste much breath on congratulations over the escape from a peril which ought never to have arisen. The danger was at last brought home to Austria when from various quarters abroad, which are never other than well-intentioned toward this generally popular little nation, came veiled or open warnings that a country whose Government was unable or unwilling to prevent so lamentable an exhibition and so purposeless a waste of money as the Fascist-Socialist marching and counter-marching in Wiener Neustadt offered no very tempting security to the foreign investor. The warning was certainly kindly in intent but quite naturally was received with resentment by the Viennese, who, as Hermann Bahr, that merciless psychoanalyst of his countrymen wrote, "meekly accepts everything unless anyone tries to help him. Then, indeed, he defends himself."

What is the nature of this Heimwehr force which has suddenly written its title across the front pages of the world's newspapers and has procured for Austria the same undesirable publicity which the July riots obtained for her last year? Sometimes it is described by a literal translation of its title as "Home Defense Corps." A statement issued to the foreign press to the effect that the Heimwehr "had never been intended for use against foreign countries" emphasizes the looseness of the translated title as a description of the force. Strictly speaking, however, the communiqué was inaccurate, since the Heimwehr originated in many parts (Carinthia, Styria, and Lower Austria, for example) as a "Home Defense Corps" to resist the Slovene and Hungarian invaders after the war. But that aspect of the force has long ceased to have any meaning. It is now an internal weapon designed purely for use by Austrians against Austrians.

I have heard objections raised to the application of the term "Fascist" to the Heimwehr. Though obviously not literally accurate, I think that the word suggests to Anglo-Saxon readers at any rate something very close to what the Heimwehr really means. Much could be said of the probable reluctance of some of its supporters to see Austria placed under such a regime as that of Signor Mussolini, but the touchstone is that the Heimwehr is an extra-parliamentary political weapon. It would meet with the unqualified approval of Signor Mussolini, the Ku Klux Klan, and the Duke of Northumberland; it must be condemned by every believer in parliamentary methods—or, as its supporters here and abroad would put it, by everyone who makes a fetish of the ballot-box. Some of the Fascists will assure you that they are not opposed to the working-classes, that they do not

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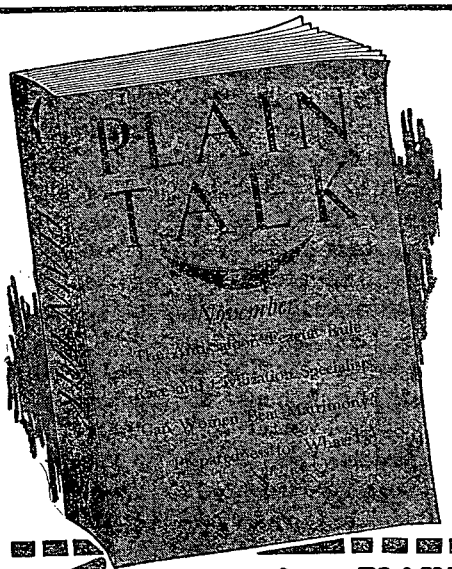

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desire to paralyze socialism, that they only wish to break what they call the "Red Dictatorship" in Vienna. The truth is that the Heimwehr is largely an expression of impatience at the toughness of the Socialists' resistance to all attempts to weaken their power, which has often been abused but was indubitably acquired and is maintained through the ballot-box.

No complaints about an alleged system of rewards for party faith in the allotment of municipal ports, no allegations of "conscience-pressure" (*Gewissenszwang*) can alter this fact. The forces behind the Heimwehr are many, and powerful. Austrian particularism, the dislike of the provinces for the capital, of the peasant for the townsman, of the devout Catholic for the Social Democrat, who the priest tells him is Anti-Christ—these furnish the nucleus. The assiduously propagated legend of a great "Bolshevist-plot" having been at the back of the rioting of July, 1927, gave the spur to the revival of the Heimwehr. Austrian industry, seeing a chance to curb the power of the "Red" trade unions in the factories and to build up an anti-strike force, made a special levy among employers to provide the Heimwehr with ample funds. The malcontents with the Republic —the young men of the professional, semi-professional, and official classes—deprived of their prospects of a career since the collapse of the monarchy, rushed to the "colors." The anti-Semites fell into line—indeed, they and the class last mentioned are largely identical, for as the corresponding social orders do in Germany, they allude to Austria as the "Juden Republik" and attribute all the sufferings consequent on defeat and dismemberment to the same cause to which their ancestors in the days of Margarethe Maultasch, "the Ugly Duchess," attributed the plague—to the Jew.

The Heimwehr cannot be considered the army of the bourgeoisie in the sense in which the Republikanische Schutzbund, the Republican Guard, is the army of the Socialists, largely because of its anti-Semitic character. The big bourgeois-Jewish section of the population of Vienna has, indeed, been glad to use the name of "Heimwehr" as a threat to scare the Socialists, but the revelation that the notorious German Fascist leader, Major Waldemar Pabst, was the moving spirit behind the Austrian Heimwehr came as an unpleasant shock to these people. This man's connection with political assassinations and with the Kapp Putsch in Germany is undisputed; his attitude was simply that as the German Republic was the result of Jewish-born revolution, all attempts by any means to upset the Republic amounted to fighting on the side of dispossessed law and order. Such are the ideas which have been imported from the ultra-Nationalist German secret societies and the desperate "Baltic troops" to inspire the Austrian Heimwehr. Obviously they must be unacceptable to many of the Christian Socialist Party with its backing of Jewish bankers. These little suspected that behind the eminently respectable, if somewhat bombastic person of Dr. Steidle, the official head of the Heimwehr, was concealed (under a false name) this German Nationalist desperado, until the Socialists published a number of extracts from their own secret dossiers concerning the Heimwehr at the time of Wiener Neustadt.

Does the Heimwehr contemplate "a march on Vienna"? I do not see how any reasonable person can doubt that at least they envisage the possibility of this, for Dr. Steidle himself has threatened something of the sort in far clearer terms than ever Mussolini employed to prophesy the "March on Rome." If they do not, wherefore the hidden stores of rifles, machine-guns, and howitzers? Wherefore the steady rifle practice and machine-gun practice of which anyone with his ears open may often become aware during week-ends spent in quiet corners of the Austrian provinces? Wherefore the recent artillery rehearsal in Tyrol?

With the example of Mussolini and the Vatican before his eyes, it is impossible to believe that a great clerical statesman like Dr. Seipel wishes to place Fascism in control of Austria. Those who nicknamed him as "Austrichelieu" and think of him as a quite remarkable Roman Catholic after the pattern of the great French cardinals, with the interests of the Roman Catholic hierarchy always in view, are probably not far from understanding the man who has guided the destinies of the Austrian Republic almost continuously since its birth. If this is so, then Dr. Seipel need not be expected to cease using the Heimwehr as a useful auxiliary in his fight against Social Democracy so long as he believes that he can advance his general policy by its aid. For that matter, if it would be possible for him to detach and use a section of the Social Democrats to crush the power of Dr. Otto Bauer, Dr. Seitz (the Mayor of Vienna), Dr. Julius Deutsch (the organizer of the Republikanische Schutzbund), and other of his principal opponents, he would doubtless have no scruples about doing so.

The Austrian Chancellor did not create the Austrian Fascist movement, but his action in the matter of Wiener Neustadt has given it such encouragement that one may, perhaps, be permitted to employ the appropriate though well-worn simile of Frankenstein and his monster. How long will the Heimwehr (which immediately after its rebirth in 1927 indulged in rebellious mutterings against the Chancellor) consent to remain a pawn on the Chancellor's political chessboard? Major Waldemar Pabst does not give the impression that he will consent to become any man's catspaw. From the official utterances of Heimwehr leaders, one can prove anything. At one moment they have spoken with the voice of the turtle, at another with the threatening growl of the tiger about to spring upon its prey: in their case, Vienna. Supposing they do spring without consulting the Chancellor, who can hold them in check? The officers of the army and the police are being taught that the enemy is to the left. Many of them are secret, some of them open sympathizers with the Heimwehr.

The Social Democrats, as the Heimwehr and the Chancellor himself must know, are practically powerless in the moment that a Fascist coup d'etat is attempted. It is not merely a matter of inferior armament, though that is important. You cannot conceal batteries of howitzers—machine-guns and rifles only with difficulty—in a city where a vigilant police force is neglecting no chance of discovering and seizing them. It is a far more simple proposition to conceal extensive stores of heavy armament in the remote ravines of the Tyrolese, Styrian, and Carinthian Alps from a gendarmerie which, it may be suspected, can on occasion peer through its telescope with a casual eye. The Republikanische Schutzbund is well disciplined—that is to say, it stands under good trade-union discipline. The Heimwehr consists largely of ex-imperial officers and non-commissioned officers, ingrained with the iron discipline of a great army. But the real power of the Heimwehr, of course, is the power of blockade. The Socialists are in strength only in the cities, and the only city of importance on which they can count is the capital, Vienna. For their enemies to cut communications and starve them into submission would be

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child's play compared with the alternative of the town-bred Socialists pursuing their mountain-bred opponents into the crannies of the Alps. The certainty that a Fascist coup which was not immediately successful—and Vienna could obviously resist for a few days—would mean invasion and partition of Austria will, one may imagine, act as a restraining force on the Heimwehr. But their ranks are permeated with fanatics at least as irresponsible as the most extreme Socialists.

Meanwhile, the Chancellor has stated in the clearest possible terms that he is not prepared to accept the Socialist proposal for simultaneous disarmament and disbandment of the illegal armies, both of the Left and of the Right, as it stands. He insists on coupling with this a revision of the powers of the trade unions in the workshops, and a cessation of the obstructionist tactics of the Socialists in Parliament. Unless the Socialists will agree to this, he intends the Heimwehr parades to go on.

In his fighting speech to a party meeting on October 23, the Chancellor, referring to the Socialist peace offer and to the so-called "Disarmament Conference" (what an opéra bouffe, that such a thing should be needed in little Austria, which could resist no invader, and what a tragedy that in a couple of sessions it should prove abortive and collapse), Dr. Seipel said:

> The Socialists' peace offer would have led to a more rapid success, did we not know them so well. . . . I was certain that there would be no civil war in Austria on October 7 . . . for the reason that I had determined to employ the necessary number of police and gendarmes and of Herr Vaugoin's troops. If the Socialists desire a real peace they must first of all cease to be a party with a guard indulging in military marches. Then they must abandon the war which they have aroused since July 15 (the day of the Vienna riots) last year against the forces of the state police, gendarmerie, and army. So long as I am not assured, not that the Socialists are not afraid, but that no one need fear them any longer, there will be no peace and no disarmament in Austria!

It seems not unfair to treat this as a frank statement by the Chancellor that he intends to retain the Heimwehr as a reserve weapon, not only until the Socialists disband and disarm their own militarized force, but until they abandon their feud against the police (of a feud against the army, I can find little trace), whom they accuse of brutality in Vienna in July, 1927.

It is deplorable that the bitter memories of that terrible tragedy should be kept alive as they are by both the Socialists and by their opponents. The continued personal onslaughts on Herr Schober, the Police President of Vienna and an ex-Chancellor of the Republic, as a bloodthirsty murderer by the Socialists, who rule the city, make the worst possible impression, for whatever else may be true in the Socialist allegations as to the behavior of the police on that occasion, no one but the most fanatic partisan really believes that this gentleman is a lover of bloodshed. These considerations, however, are really outside the scope of this article, which seeks only to make clear the continued perils of the situation in Austria and the definite adoption by the Christian Socialist Party of the dangerous weapon of a Fascist-like militarized body to enforce a change of Socialist Party tactics while declining to consider the simple proposition of mutual disarmament.

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LECTURES

The People's Institute
Program Nov. 30—Dec. 8
at COOPER UNION
8th St. and Astor Place
at 8 O'clock Admission Free

Friday, Nov. 30—Everett Dean Martin—"The Christian Idea of Freedom."
Sunday, Dec. 2—Joseph Jastrow—"The Psychology of Prejudice and Fanaticism."
Tuesday, Dec. 4—The American Institute Science Lectures. Dr. Saul Dushman, Research Laboratory, General Electric Company—"Atom Models."

At Muhlenberg Branch Library
209 West 23rd St., at 8:30 o'clock.

Monday, Dec. 3—Mark Van Doren—"Cervantes."
Wednesday, Dec. 5—Norman Hilberry—"Line Spectra and the Atom."
Thursday, Dec. 6—E. G. Spaulding—"Recent Developments of the Mechanistic View: Bohr, Einstein."
Saturday, Dec. 8—E. Boyd Barrett—"Modernism or Orthodoxy?"

DISCUSSION

THE GROUP
A Clearing House of Opinion
meets at Group Hall, 150 West 85th Street.
ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS
will speak on
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TRAINED nurse, typist, liberal tendencies, versed, interested in numerous things besides nursing, pleasant, psychological understanding of adults, children, seeks position of trust in New York, of hours not later than 6 P. M. Box 935, % *The Nation.*

TEACHER desires position as governess in family appreciative of the method of the behaviorist; is well trained, experienced, musical. Address Box 936, % *The Nation.*

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